

The Messenger

"As the Truth in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

From the German of Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731.

O Jesus! I sin's heavy burden feeling,
Before Thy mercy seat come humbly kneeling.
Reject me not, Thou, who love's fullness art;
But rest restore unto my troubled heart.

O Lamb of God! My Saviour; my Creator!
My sins are great; but still Thy grace is greater!
For Thee! Thou friend of man! What shall I do?
It settled is; I see and feel it too.

I feel it now; my heart is bowed most lowly;
And from its need, sends sighs to Thee, most
Thou hast Thyself me crushed and wounded sore;
As soul's physician, me to health restore.

I'll bow myself in dust and ashes gladly,
If only sin no more oppress me sadly.
Receive me, O Thou sea of friendliness!
As a poor worm imploring Thy free grace.

O look on me! I at Thy feet lie lowly;
Thy precious blood shall purge my conscience
wholly;

Thy gracious word my heart from pain set free,
And work therein unwar'ring trust in Thee.

Remove from me the burdens sore oppressing;
And save from Satan's thralldom most distressing!
Yea, leaden wholly sinful lusts in me;
Thy look of love draws heart and soul to Thee.

O hold me up, else I'll be ever falling!
Accept Thou me, in all things on Thee calling.
Reign Thou alone supremely in my heart;
Forever let all sin from it depart.

I'm weak and wholly destitute of merit;
Renew me, therefore, by Thy Holy Spirit,
That henceforth, I, in firm fidelity,
To Thee may cling and e'er obedient be.

S. R. F.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

THE WAY TO PEACE.

When the "Peace Movement" was inaugurated by the General Synod at Lancaster, there were some brethren who seemed to regard the work as almost accomplished, and who expressed their emotions by loud songs of rejoicing. Others were perhaps constitutionally less hopeful; and though they would not for the world have said a word of discouragement, they could not help feeling somewhat doubtful with regard to the final result.

It is encouraging to be assured by many of the latter class, that they are rapidly becoming more hopeful. Without any special efforts for its advancement, the movement is progressing in a way that brings the assurance to many doubting hearts, that it is not the work of man but of God. Brethren meet, and after discussing their differences in a friendly spirit, discover to their surprise, that they are not as far apart as they had supposed. Even the elimination of some extreme elements will, no doubt, have a tendency to bring the rest of the Church more closely together, and we would not be surprised, if by the time the "Peace Commission" meets, its work should be found more easy than we have hitherto anticipated.

Without venturing to suggest the course to be pursued in restoring harmony to the Church, it may not be out of place for one, who has taken no prominent part in the dis-

cussions, which have occupied the mind of the Church, to express a few thoughts with reference to the way that leads to peace.

If we should ever succeed in establishing permanent unity, it must be on the basis of the historical inheritance of the Reformed Church. The instinct of self-preservation, if no higher motive, should induce us to cherish our denominational history. In this country, at least, no Church can prosper, which fails to do justice to the labors and achievements of its founders. In the case of some of the sects, it is hard to understand how men of high intelligence can manifest enthusiasm for the memory of men, who were in every way inferior to themselves; but in the case of our own Church, no such difficulty can possibly occur. We need not hesitate to cherish the assurance, that there is no denomination, whose history is more glorious than ours. The more we dwell on the genius and self-sacrificing devotion of the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and study the stupendous theological systems of the seventeenth, the more are we impressed with the fact, that there were giants in those days, and that in comparison with them, we are personally insignificant.

It is not, however, in this merely external and formal way, that we must cherish our historical inheritance. The truths to which the fathers testified are ours in a special way, and the confessions which they framed must be regarded as precious heirlooms. Let them be carefully studied, and they will receive a higher place in our esteem than has been generally accorded them. Yet, as these confessions differ in minor particulars, and perhaps sometimes present certain doctrines as essential to faith, which had better be regarded as matters of individual opinion, we cannot but regard it as fortunate, that we have a central truth, which is common to all. There has been, so far as we know, no disposition to undervalue the Heidelberg Catechism, as has unfortunately been the case in many parts of Europe. Indeed, it is not too much to affirm, that there is no place in the world, where that ancient symbol is held in such high esteem as it is in the Reformed Churches of America. Though there have been many differences of opinion with reference to its interpretation, we need but attend the examination of candidates, for the ministry before any one of our Classes, to be assured that the system of the Catechism is studied at all our Theological Seminaries. Surely, this is a bond of union, which needs to be developed and strengthened.

While we hold firmly to the past, it must not, however, be forgotten, that our work lies in the present and the future. We have to grapple with forms of error of which our fathers never dreamed, and the truth must often be presented in new forms to meet the necessities of the age. The world has moved in the last three hundred years, in theology as in everything else, and, if with additional means at our command, we did not strive to attain to higher forms of truth, we would be derelict in our highest duty. No doubt, we need to guard ourselves most carefully, for fear of running into unwarrantable extremes, but so long as we hold firmly to the past, we cannot go far astray. The Reformed Church has always been liberal in the best sense, and we cannot be otherwise, while we profess to believe, that the essentials of salvation are contained in the articles of our Catholic faith.

So too with reference to forms of worship, there need be no absolute uniformity. It has never existed, either in Europe or in this country, and probably never will. Fortunately, though all regard it as eminently desirable, no one believes it to be absolutely essential.

There is one central truth, which the Reformed Church has always held with peculiar clearness, and in this truth all its members may be joined in vital union. Our incarnate Lord must Himself be the centre of our faith and thinking, and thus Himself remove the doubts and difficulties that afflict our souls.

Far back in the early history of the Reformed Church, it will be remembered, this truth was found to be the only safe way to reunion and peace. When the Great Synod of Berne was convened, in 1531, the Church appeared to be in a condition of helpless anarchy. It was then that Capito secured the adoption of the memorable declaration, that

"Christ is the sum of stian doctrine," and that "God Himself be held forth as He is in Jesus Chr' (See Baum's "Life of Capito." Als Herzog's Encyclopaedia.)" With this for its standard, the Church felt that was again united, and was ready to go to persecution and death.

It is easy to see that though sometimes obscured, this truth has occupied a central position in the teaching of the Reformed Church during all ages of its subsequent history. In a religious poem, composed in this country more than a hundred years ago, occurs this stanza:

"Es steht im Berner podium
Dass Jesus Christus fikt und Summ
Der ganzen Christlich Lehr waer,
Das sei die Reformatio Lehr."

This truth, it be may be, is held by all Christian Churches, but there is a difference in the manner of holding it. "It is easy," said an aged minister, recently deceased, "to lay all stress on the form of Baptism and become a Baptist; or to intone the doctrine of Conversion and become a Methodist; but it is not so easy to grasp the central truth, that Christ is all in all. If we are in Christ at the centre, all the controversies that afflict the Church will appear far out on the periphery, and nothing can disturb our everlasting peace."

If we can but grasp this principle, the way to peace is open. We do not wish to cut loose from the past; we have no desire to wipe out the history of thirty years, even if such a thing were possible. It has helped us onward in many ways, and has given our Church a degree of influence, which she could not otherwise have obtained. We are not willing, that the eminent men, who have been engaged on both sides of our controversy, their strong, heavy, obscure graves, should be forgotten. The old Reformed bush—always burning yet never destroyed—will come out of its conflicts more vigorous than ever, and ready to achieve new triumphs in the cause of our blessed Lord.

D. H. J.

For the Messenger.

IMMORTALITY.

In this world every thing changes, decays, and passes away; and from this state of things, some men draw the conclusion, that we shall also be altogether destroyed, and that immortality is a dream. But such men forget the difference between matter and mind.

The organized productions of nature reach their full development in a limited period of time, which is often very short. All vegetation passes through a course of growth, and accomplishes its end in a few days, or a few years. Not so the mind. We can never say of this that it is fully grown like the tree, or exhausted like the ripening grain. The powers, the desires, the purposes of the mind can never be said to be fully defined. When a great intellect has risen to a grand discovery, or has opened the way to new regions of thought, we may not say that it has reached its bounds and can yield no higher fruits. Our experience leads us to feel, that the resources of the soul increase and enlarge, as the powers of the mind are developed. In every step of its progress, there is a new impulse to nobler deeds, and to higher aims.

The intellectual also rises into the moral; pure and good minds make great sacrifices for truth and duty, and show great love to God and man in sore trials; yet we may not say that, at any given point, their moral energies are exhausted. These illustrious efforts replenish instead of waste virtue. By perseverance in well doing, the mind is lifted higher and higher in freedom, is armed for nobler daring, and grows more efficient in the generous exercise of a boundless charity. There is no insurmountable barrier in the mental and moral range of the soul, and hence it may live and grow, and distribute its beneficent influences throughout the eternity of the ages.

The tree yields a particular fruit, and so answers its highest purpose. We judge its full capacity by a fixed, definite product; but we judge the mind by no such fixed rules and conditions. This we know to be endowed with an original, creative, unconfinable energy. It works not according to rigidly

defined limits, but, by a spring of action within itself; it combines anew the knowledge it has gained, and gives it forth in fresh and higher forms. The perfecting of the plant, or the tree, lies in a precise definite growth. That of the mind lies in an energy which cannot be definitely circumscribed. The material and vegetable creations, and even the animal world, are necessarily limited; but to set limits to the mind would destroy the very power by the force of which it lives. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude, that mind does not perish, as matter does, and as the grass of the field passes away; but that it is destined to rise to celestial regions, and go forward in the progress of its capacities in a world without end.

We have suggested that material organizations of all kinds are necessarily confined to time and space. Were these allowed to go beyond their natural bounds, mischief and evil would be the result. The unlimited expansion of a single plant could result only in ruin, and the indefinite enlargement of material bodies might bring about the destruction of the universe; but as the soul grows and enlarges, it becomes a resource and agency of greater good. One tree, should it grow forever, would drive out all other vegetable forms; but one mind, as it expands, awakens other minds and thus becomes the prolific source of a boundless mental activity and social bliss. By enlarging its own stock of knowledge and moral life, it spreads the power of life and felicity around it. Thus it yields good to others while it grows in knowledge and in grace, and produces continually new forms of good besides. Such is the nature and the variety of the products of the mental and the moral energies of the soul. Shall this soul perish and pass away as do forms of matter, and as do the organizations of the vegetable and the animal world? No; it is immortal. It cannot be regarded as a mere material organization.

But the conclusion would not only be repulsive to the individual mind; it would involve a serious loss. Material forms exist wholly for others, whereas the mind has a deep interest in its own existence. It is different in this respect from the animal and the vegetable—these live in the present, while this is to the mind comparatively little. By memory it lives in the past, and by hope in the future, making both a great source of happiness. Thus it connects itself with duration and turns experience to immense account, and existence to it becomes infinitely dear. And this interest in its own existence increases with the increase of virtue, of purity and beneficence. In this way the continuance of individual being is made to harmonize with the general good. The annihilation of a soul would be no benefit, but a great ruin. Shall such faculties as reason, conscience, and moral will be extinguished? Shall individual consciousness and virtue be blotted into nothingness? Reason and the moral sense revolt against such an end. The more the mind is true to itself and to the law of its Maker, the more it clings to existence, and shrinks back from extinction as an infinite loss. This thirst for continued being, and for ever increasing usefulness and happiness, is no idle dream or vain delusion; but it is a spark of divinity in the soul which, like the live coals on the altar, shall never cease to burn and to spread its light and heat around.

Arguments like these may fail to convince. There is so much moral evil in the world, and the mind with all its noble powers is often so fearfully degraded, that many look only at the dark side of human nature, and begin to doubt its high destiny to immortality. But crime itself, with all its horrors, may be regarded as a proof of the immortal nature of man. It could not exist, if there were no personal freedom and moral responsibility; if man had not the capacities of choosing between good and evil, and of passing triumphantly through a state of probation. Were man a mere creature of impulse and sensation, like the brute, he could do no wrong. It is only because he has moral and intellectual control of himself, that he may become either a saint or a monster. And by the right use of his faculties in the course of a beneficent Providence, the corruption and misery of the race to which he belongs, and even his own personal sins and errors, are made to him a school of ethics, which may help him onward to a higher and happier state of being. And, surely, if all things are made to work together for good to the mind, and for good to the race, we may safely conclude that sin, in its ugly

est character and its most degrading force, must not necessarily ruin the immortal being and destiny of the soul.

Still we have a better foundation for our faith than speculative reasoning of any kind. Immortality is glorified into fact by the blessed resurrection of Jesus. Before Christ came, the future life was not wholly unknown, but the hope of it was vague—it had not been lifted to absolute certainty. In Him all is changed. If Christ be risen from the dead and has entered into glory, being a man like one of us sin excepted, why should not we live and enter into His rest? In Him we live though we die—this is fact, not argument, opinion, or conjecture. He has brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, and has confirmed the hopes and elevated the energies of the soul. Thus the voice of God and the longing of the mind are harmonized and made one, and what the mind could not prove, it now adopts as the eternal certainty of its own being. The coming spring tide, with its rising vegetation, gives us a hint of a future resurrection; but the grander realities of the approaching Easter festivities, furnish us with a key to the inner sanctuary of our being, by which we may enter and behold the glories of an endless life.

I. E. G.

For The Messenger.

FAREWELL.*

Before this communication makes its appearance in the columns of the MESSENGER, the farewell missionary service, to be held at Reading, Pa., on the 13th inst., will be numbered with the events of the past. It is interesting to think of that significant and important occasion; of the vast assembly that will be gathered together there; of the strains of fervent thanksgiving and praise that will there ascend to Almighty God; of the earnest words that will be spoken; of the solemn prayers with which our Church will commend its departing missionary to the keeping of the Lord. On behalf of the many who long to be there, but cannot be there, except in spirit, we would say, may the blessing of God be upon this service! May it produce an impression that shall never be forgotten, and impart such a stimulus to our future activity, as shall continue the history of our work as a Church.

We have just come from another parting scene; very different from that which will take place at Reading, yet, in some respects, perhaps, more truly a farewell meeting than that. It was the farewell to home; the parting from friends near and dear. Very few in number were those who, on the 10th inst., were gathered together in an "upper room," in a town not far south of the Pennsylvania and Maryland line. There were but seven, in all; the missionary and his wife; a mother and a sister; one who was as a sister, and two who were as brothers. The trunks were packed and at the door; a sense of loneliness and desolation seemed creeping over the house; when, by agreement, we came together to spend the last half hour in the peaceful enjoyment of each other's presence, in gazing upon each other's face for the last time, and in saying the last kind words. Very many were our thoughts; few, in comparison, were our words. Better than any speech of our own it was, to take refuge in God's Word and in the voice of prayer, commending our departing friends to the care of the almighty and everywhere present God. There was no weak sentimentalism in the parting; but, rather, the natural and inevitable sorrow of it was prevailed over and transfigured by such a steadfast and hopeful gaze into the future and its work, as one would wish to see in friends going on noble errands into far-off lands. Yet, in truth, very sad is such a going away from home; and very tender is the parting of friends, who may see each other's faces no more; and we could not avoid thinking, on the present occasion, of that parting between St. Paul and his friends, which is described in the 20th chapter of Acts: "And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."

So, farewell, beloved friends. So, go forth, my brother, thou long-desired standard-bearer for us of the Reformed Church, to lift aloft the standard of the gospel in a far-off heathen land. Our thoughts, our hopes, our prayers are all with thee. We remember the light that was in thine eye, and the look that was on thy face, when the last words were spoken, and the last grasp of the hand was given; they were the tokens to us of God's blessing upon the work. "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

March 11, 1879.

J. S. K.

* This communication, although in type for some weeks, has been crowded back. We insert it now, however, without alteration as the record of the farewell to home on the part of those sent by the Church to Japan. The interest in our missionary's departure was not confined to those who went to Reading to attend the farewell services there.

Family Reading.

ECCE HOMO.

Behold the Man! Who wore
A crown of thorns for me;
And in His sacred Person bore
Our sins upon the tree:
Our sins upon the tree,
Thus full of honor made,
Through Him whose love beyond degree
Our ransom paid.

Behold the Man! Who gave
That matchless, peerless price
Which souls alone from death could save,
Himself the sacrifice:
Himself the sacrifice,
Spotless without a stain;
No more temptation shall entice
Thou Lamb once slain.

Behold the Man! Who saw
From His eternal throne
The ruins of a broken law,
These ruins not His own:
Those ruins not His own,
Yet as He saw, He sighed,
And God, for sinners to atone,
Came down and died.

Behold the Man! Who now
Whilst Angels prostrate fall,
Uplifts His everlasting brow
As Saints to Seraphs call:
As Saints to Seraphs call,
And sweep their lyres of flame,
Till the whole chorus swells o'er all
With Jesus' Name.

—Lyra Messianica.

THE RENT VEIL.

As at the birth of the Lord, so likewise at His death, creation took part in that which altered the whole face of the moral world. We see the shame on Golgotha exchanged for reverence, and heaven and earth, as it were, unite in one point to do homage to the dead Saviour. Scarcely has the last breath fled from the dying lips, and the still rest of death has spread over the cold marble of the stiffened corpse, till at once the earth begins to tremble, as though touched by an invisible finger. It is as though the terrified earth refused to bear the inanimate mass: strong rocks are rent asunder as cobwebs, fear and terror may be read on the deadly pale countenances of countless multitudes. The rumor of Jesus' death penetrates the gates, the streets, the courts of the temple in Jerusalem; but the priest who enters the holy place to offer the evening sacrifice, retreats in speechless dread, he has seen the Saviour, what he feels he cannot explain. The thick curtain which divided the Holy Place from the Most Holy, thirty cubits in height and about four finger lengths in width; woven of the most costly materials, and according to the learned men of the Jews, frequently renewed, is not rent from beneath upwards, but from the top to the bottom, and thus the Holy of Holies lies exposed to the sight of all. Nay, he, who later in the evening twilight hastens outside, meets here and there mysterious forms, whose look, and garb, and manner appear to betoken that they no longer belong to earth; and from the open graves is seen forthwith a first gleam of the light of the resurrection.

We do not presume to ask for a satisfactory answer to all the questions which these signs, especially the one last named in the relation, causes to hover on our lips. The region of nature has secrets; the region of redemption has mysteries; who shall then explain all the marvels which appear and must appear when both these kingdoms come into immediate contact with each other, and at a moment unparalleled as this? Our life is a riddle, death a subject for questioning, the grave a mystery: who shall determine what the immovably closed lips of these risen dead conceal? We shall merely remark, that according to the most probable explanation of Matthew's narrative, the opening of the graves took place at the Lord's death, but that their occupants only left them after His resurrection, and that "the many in the holy city" to whom these risen dead had appeared, at the same time bore incontestable evidence to the truth of the miracle. But do we now inquire, after this humble avowal of our ignorance, what is the tendency of all the signs in the hour of the Lord's death?—then, God be praised, we have no unsatisfactory reply to render; nay, what is more, whoever does not understand this typical writing, to him the whole book of creation and of Bible revelation must also be an incomprehensible hieroglyphic. Obviously, so long as the sacrifice for sin was not perfectly completed, the countenance of the Father was clouded towards His well-beloved Son. Heaven is silent, whilst the earth rages; all, all appears given over to the powers of darkness. But now at last all is finished; it is now as though the Father were in haste to remove even the appearance of His being able to endure the shame done to His Beloved; though the earth be silent

the heavens shall without delay testify to His honor. Or what is announced by this solemn mourning of creation, such as was never seen before, but that here none other than the greatest of monarchs dies, and that His murder by His own people excites the awful anger of the righteous Judge? What is announced by the rent veil in the temple, but that now is concluded a new covenant of grace and reconciliation, in which there is no longer a middle wall of partition between the Creator and the creature, but that there is established a holy fellowship, to which are called all the redeemed, who released from slavish fetters, may now go boldly forward as priests to the eternal throne of grace? What is announced by the rising of the dead, but that through Jesus' death, death as the wages of sin is destroyed for the redeemed, and life and immortality for the guilty are brought to light? Yea, verily, here is a transition from reproach to honor, of which we in the history of Christ's life of humiliation hitherto vainly sought a parallel. The quaking earth but mingles a tremulous note in the song of praise which creation raises to her deceased King: the rent veil affords us a glimpse into the dignity and work of this High Priest, whose flesh was rent even as that veil, in order that we might have boldness, through a new and living way, to enter into the Holiest of Holies; and the arisen dead unite in spirit chorus, which sounds forth to us from the dark depths, and in all hearts must find an echo: "He will swallow up death in victory: Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him. He will save us."—*Van Oosterzee.*

MISTAKES.

Our mistakes are sometimes in the end the best thing that could have happened to us. However they turn out at last, they discipline character and they compel dependence. It is true, most assuredly, that when we ask for wisdom and ask properly, it must be given us; for God is faithful who hath promised. But we do not always either get or discern the gift immediately; various channels and divers agencies and at long intervals may bring it. Yet God is behind them all, working through and beneath them. Suppose we lose the main road, and for awhile turn off by a by-path—there may be some flower to cull, or some landscape to see, we should have missed the path at last? The panic of an irreparable mistake almost crushed us; we saw no way of escape from a blunder into which we seemed to have been pushed in answer to fervent prayer. But wait and things will turn, and in the end your fancied error may prove the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

A good conscience as to motive, a childlike will as to purpose, a devout heart as to affection, helps to make the light in which Christ walked with His Father, in which He would have us walk with Him, ever trying to do such things as please Him.

When the curtain rises that shuts out the secret of the divine government from our mortal gaze, our mistakes may be seen to have been our education for immortality.—*Good Words.*

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

To rejoice with the glad and mourn with the sorrowful, are Christian duties. Sympathy is a cordial to the dependent human soul, in whatever condition it may be. Like cold water to the thirsty, like wine to fainting lips, comes the tenderness of a friend in the crises of life. It is hard to be alone, in those full-freighted hours of existence, when great happiness flows in on the spirit, like a mighty flood-tide; or in those other hours, spent and weary, when the tide goes out, and we sit down in the shadow of a heavy grief. Difficult in this latter case, as it sometimes is, to suit our sympathy to the special need of the crushed and wounded fellow-being who calls it forth, it is never right to refrain from giving it. There is strength in the warm clasp of a loving hand, and in the look of a loving eye, even if no words are spoken. Letters, breathing affection, and imparting hopes of consolation, are very precious to those who receive them, and we should not hesitate to write such, though we feel that they are most inadequate as expressions of what we would wish to say.

There is one form of comforting which does but little good. It is not best to tell the mourner of some one else whose affliction is greater. It is not worth while to refer, when the mother is weeping hot tears over her nursing snatched from her breast, to some mother whose boy, grown to manhood, has become a torment and disgrace. The ears are deaf to such soothing. Love stub-

bornly do to believe that such blight would have reached its bud of promise, fact, in periods of bereavement, the stroke is fresh, the feeling of thorn is always intensely personal. In, for the present, refuses to sway theatre, which is assumed by imagination there any sorrow like my sorrow is out the stricken heart. Sometimes better not to try to administer comfort, even by telling of the dear ones and the good gifts of Providence blessing the home.

"One writeth other friends remain,
That 'tis common to the race,
And commeth the commonplace,
And va chaff, well-meant for grain."

"That loss common, would not make
My own bitter, rather more.
Too common never morning wore
To ever but some heart did break."

How, then, do we go to our desolated friends, and what magic carry balm to ease their pain? There are just two ways, or rather here are two forms of one way, which never fail. Love and faith are strong wings which lift the drooping spirit and bear it up. It is much to any one in trouble that a friend cares. In the silent manifestation of concern, showing your simply going to the home oppressed, and letting it be known you are sorry and distressed, and would fain, if you could, bear a part of the burden, you carry a Christ-like atmosphere, and the gentleness of your Master. This one form. The other is, if you can, tread the lonely one to look beyond, to gaze up, even into the heavens, which must so often open to receive our treasures, and hide them, for a season, from our sight. How wide a field the Scriptures afford us for this sort of consolation. They are full of tenderness. "As one whom his mother comforteth, will I comfort you." "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." "He restoreth my soul." When we think them over, verse after verse flashes upon our thoughts, text after text rises, as stars rise in the evening sky. It is good to have the memory stored with these precious words of the Lord. They help us, when we need help, as no human voice can, as no earthly wisdom does.

Then, too, we should cultivate, in ourselves, a habit of believing more than we do, in the unseen world, to which we are so often brought into contact. We should have our conversation in heaven. Then when some dear one is carried there, we shall be able to think of him as having put on robes of immortality, and hope will reach forth, and grasp the reality of the invisible. And we shall be better able to talk to our grieving friends of heaven as home.—*Intelligencer.*

THE FAITHLESS THREE.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

Darkness and silence brooded o'er the East.
The golden sun had hidden his fair face,
Long since, behind the Western hills, and now
Night's banners were flung out, and moon and stars
Were throwing from their folds long shining beams
Upon the city walls, the Kedron's bed,
The mountain's hoary side; then glancing down,
They fell in shimmering rays upon the trees
And walks of the lone garden at its foot.
In this still hour, when sleep had folded eyes
Unused to care, a band of stalwart men
Followed the Master to this garden spot.
How still and quiet every pathway seemed!
No sound to break the calm, save the low wind
That moaned amid the olives, or that moved
The Kedron waters as they rippled near.
How dense the darkness, too, beneath the trees,
Making the wan moonlight that struggled through
The gently waving boughs, now here, now there,
More beautiful and welcome.

Pausing near
The entrance, Jesus left eight of His friends
To wait for His return. Then taking three
Still further, He bade them stay
Amid the olive shades, while He went on
To pass one hour in prayer, giving this charge:
"Tarry ye here, and watch and pray."

Alone,
Not far away, beneath the trees, He fell
Upon the dew-wet grass, and moaned and prayed.
"Father!" He cried, "if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from Me. Nevertheless,
Not as I will, My God, but as Thou wilt."
Then, as the wan moonlight fell upon His face,
There stood revealed amid its pallor, tears,
Bending beneath His load of utter grief,
The Saviour turned at last to His three friends
For consolation.

Ah! no comfort there!
The faithless ones, regardless of His woe,
Were soundly sleeping.

Rousing them, He asked
In tones of indignation and rebuke:
"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"
Then charging them again to "watch and pray,"
He turned away without one word of cheer
From their weak lips. Prone on the grass He fell,
His agony increasing! On His soul
There came a rush of feeling; many things

Pressed on Him; sins of a whole race rose up
To burden sore, while the dread sufferings
Those sins must bring pressed on His shrinking soul.

Then came sad thoughts of faithless friends, His own
Betrayal, and His quick approaching death,
With all its pain.

Fast on the ground there rolled
Great drops of bloody sweat, and yet, 'mid all
That depth of woe, Peter, and James, and John
Slept on! But while these earthly friends all
Failed,

An angel had compassion. Swift to earth
From heaven there sped a holy one to cheer
His heart, to wipe His brow, to strengthen Him.
At last, with firmer step, He rose to seek
Against those faithless three, who slept away
The hour in which for sympathy He looked:
As in a storm we love companions near,
Although they may not shield us. Sadly
He stood beside them, gazing on their forms
Wrapped in that careless sleep; then gravely
Spoke

These solemn words: "Why sleep ye? Rise and pray,
Lest ye temptations enter. Come, awake,
The hour is now at hand; the Son of Man
Into the hand of sinners is betrayed."
While yet He spake the tramp of many feet
Was heard, and on that brow, where lately stood
The sweat and blood, was pressed the Judas kiss
That gave His life away.

So hath Christ left us, with the sacred charge,

"Watch, watch, and pray!"
In Life's great garden we can roam at large,
But still we may
Not lie at ease, but work while it is day.

Souls sick of sinning look for some relief
From Satan's snare;
Plenty to do, hearts fainting under grief
Are everywhere.

Then for the Master work, His love declare!

Yes! we must watch, and while we watch, must pray,
Lest we, too, fall;
Temptations hover strangely o'er our way,
God knows them all,
And saves from danger those that on Him call.

When next Christ comes, in all His glorious power,
Let Him not say,
"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"
Perchance this day
May witness that return! Then "watch and pray!"

FORGIVENESS OF THOUGHT.

Do we not sometimes forget that the thoughts of our hearts may be as sinful as any acts of our lives! The Saviour has taught us that all sin commences there, and that all the elements of sinfulness which pertain to the completed act. When then we turn to God for "forgiveness of sins that are past," we need to pray that our hearts may be cleansed, and that the sins of thought as well as of word and deed may be blotted out.

When Simon sought to purchase the power of the Holy Ghost with money, Peter said to him: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." (Acts viii. 20-23. Simon not only needed forgiveness for what he had said, but for what he had thought. He needed to pray that the thoughts of his heart might be forgiven. And do we not all of us need to say with the Psalmist: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."—*The Christian.*

AWFUL TEMPER.

"There goes another saucer! What a careless child you are! It does seem to me you are determined to destroy all my table-ware. Yesterday a plate, the other day a saucer, and now another; I had rather you wouldn't help me at all than make such work."

Martha (we called her Mattie) had a great ambition for a little girl seven years old, to wash dishes, and otherwise show her capacities for work. She was sensitive on that point, and yet accidents would happen. This time she had too much soap in the dish-water, and to her consternation the dish slipped from her weak hand. It went bounding from the pile of dishes it struck, to the edge of the table, and then to the floor in a loud crash.

It gave her a great shock, and she stood a moment with dish towel in hand looking blankly at it, when her mother's voice, pitched in a higher key than usual, aroused her. "Like begets like," and one glance at her mother's face and the angry flash was reflected in Mattie's black eyes.

"I don't care; I'm glad of it!" was Mattie's instant rejoinder.

"You bad child! What does possess you? What will become of you with such an awful temper?"

"I don't know, and I don't care!"

and bursting into tears, Mattie rushed out of the kitchen door, and threw herself on the ground and buried her face in the cool grass. "I wish I could die," she sobbed, "mamma says I've got such an awful temper, and I can't help it, it will come. Oh dear, I wish I could die."

The angry words subsided to sobs, the sobs to moans, the moans to sighs, and then she fell into a fitful sleep.

The mother sought her child, and as she lifted her from the grass and heard her sighs, and saw her tear-stained cheeks, a voice said to her something like this: "Have you thought for a moment that you are responsible for all this? That you aroused that temper in her by the key of your voice, the frown of your brow, the look in your eyes? You know she was doing her very best when she broke that dish. Suppose you had spoken differently, or not spoken at all till the jar on your nerves had passed away, and then you had looked into her work a little, and shown her how to avoid another accident. True, Mattie needs to understand how wrong such conduct is towards her mother; yes, she knows it already, while you have forgotten that you have no more right to indulge in temper than she."

For a time the work of conscience softened the mother and likewise the child, but when its influence wore off, similar occasions were repeated too often for the little girl's good. The consciousness that she could not govern her awful temper grew upon her, and what hours of sorrow and remorse one little moment in the hot flash of a quick temper often brought her.

Consequently, Mattie grew morbid about this temper, and it actually grew upon her, and once she said a very wicked word to that beloved mother on being reproached for numberless mistakes—and now the thought stung her for hours. It would not let her sleep, and her prayers would not drive it away, until she had risen from her bed and sought her mother's room to beg forgiveness on her knees. She was twelve years old then. Still she was not cured then, and went on sinning and repenting till in time the Holy Spirit taught her the way out of bondage. She was a woman then, but she was never a healthy, happy woman until her temper ceased to be her master and became her servant.

Not alone to Mattie but to her mother, did greater light come in after days, and how this mother longed to undo the work which was done due to her own selfishness and impatience, her own later life has shown.—*Northern Advocate.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

SWEET PICKLE.—One quart of good apple vinegar; three pounds of sugar; half an ounce of cloves; half an ounce of cinnamon; eight pounds of fruit; scald the fruit till tender enough to make an impression with the finger.

APPLE TARTS.—Line small pattypans with rich puff paste, and put in half an apple stewed tender in rich syrup. Cover with a lattice work of pastry, glaze with white of eggs, bake a light brown and sift over powdered sugar.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—The whites of ten eggs, one cup and a half of coffee sugar, one cup of flower, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with orange; if preferred, use one-half corn starch instead of all flour; sift the flour into the whites very gently; mix the flour and cream of tartar, and sift in the same as the sugar; cover with thick buttered paper. Bake in a hot oven.

SWISS RISsoles.—In the preparation of rissoles Miss Dods used a half pound of apples, three ounces of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one gill of cold water, one egg, two ounces of Sultana raisins and a small pinch of salt. Place the lemon juice and two ounces of sugar in a saucepan and boil together; add the apples, cut in small pieces, and the raisins, and cook for a half hour; then turn out on a plate and allow it to stand until quite cold; put the flour on a board, add the butter and another half ounce of sugar, and mix well together until they look like bread crumbs; add a pinch of salt and drop into the centre the yolk of one egg; make to a dough with a gill of cold water; knead firmly together and roll out about the third of an inch in thickness; cut the dough into square pieces; beat up slightly the white of egg and brush the squares of crust with it; into each of the squares put a little of the mixture which was allowed to get cold; double each crust together and press the edges firmly together; put into an oven for twenty minutes; the white of egg remaining and balance of the sugar are used afterward; when the rissoles are ready brush the tops with the whites, and dust over the other half ounce of sugar; return to the oven for one minute to dry the egg, and serve.

Miscellaneous.

FAST-DAY HYMN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

O God, whose dread and dazzling brow,
Love never yet forsook!
On those who seek Thy presence now,
In deep compassion look.

Aid our weak steps and eyesight dim
The paths of peace to find,
And lead us all to learn of Him
Who died to save mankind.

For many a frail and erring heart
Is in Thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when Thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

—From the *Christian at Work*.

ST. GEORGE, MARTYR, A. D. 290.

St. George is honored in the Church as a distinguished martyr, and is the Patron Saint of England. He was a native of Cappadocia, and passing thence into Palestine, he entered the army of Diocletian. Having complained to the Emperor Diocletian himself of his severity and bloody edicts, he was immediately cast into prison, and after many tortures beheaded. Lactantius says he was generally supposed to have been the person who pulled down the edicts against the Christians which Diocletian caused to be affixed to the church doors. The legend of St. George's combat with the dragon (symbolical of the Christian's strife with the Power of Evil), is too well known to need repetition here. His connection with England is derived from the legend of his appearing at the head of a numerous army, carrying a red-cross banner to help Godfrey de Bouillon against the Saracens at the siege of Antioch, since which time he has been regarded as the champion of Christendom as well as of England. He was first acknowledged as the Patron Saint of England at the Synod of Oxford in 1222, although there is ample proof that he was popular in that country even in Anglo-Saxon times, and his combat with the dragon formed a favorite subject for sculpture in the tympanums of Norman doorways; as, for instance, in the doorway of Brixham Church, Devon. Previous to that Synod, St. Edward the Confessor was the Patron Saint of England. The Chapter of the Order of the Garter was formerly always held on this day. His popularity in England during the middle ages is well attested by the fact of a hundred and sixty-three churches being named in his honor alone; two in honor of Sts. Mary and George, one of Sts. George and Lawrence, and one combining the two thoroughly English saints, Sts. George and Edmund. Emblems: the representation of St. George and the Dragon, though so well known, often varies; sometimes he is on foot, trampling on the dragon; more rarely frequently on horseback; more rarely a female is praying in the distance; occasionally, too, he is represented without the dragon, but then always on foot, with a spear or sword in one hand, and a white flag, or banner, or shield, with a red cross on it, in the other; he is generally completely covered with armor, and usually represented as a young man. In some Old Almanacs his day is distinguished by a shield in others by a spear-head.—*Sunday Magazine*.

PRODUCTS AND PROSPECTS OF MODERN PALESTINE.

The exports of modern Palestine are chiefly oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapes, wine, wool, hides, soap, tobacco, bones, rags, olive-wood ware, mother-of-pearl, beads and crosses, wheat, barley, and grain of various kinds, called generically, corn. At Jerusalem, Gaza, Jaffa, Nablus, Acre and other prominent places, there are business firms, commission men, who are employed in shipping corn to Europe, chiefly to Marseilles. Hides are exported to France, Greece, and Italy; tobacco to Egypt, and to England. Soap is exported largely to Egypt, and, to some extent, to the United States. The ash-heaps, prominent features adjacent to Nablus and to Jerusalem, are the debris of the soap-factories of former and more prosperous eras. Among the possible exports under an improved state of agriculture and of government, are cotton, indigo, sugar, and coffee. The Jordan valley has a climate almost tropical. All these products have been grown there at former periods. Near Jericho are now the ruins of sugar-mills, of the era of the Crusades, and the profits of the culture were very large. The gardens of Jericho yielded a revenue of £5000 sterling annually to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, during the era of the Crusades.

The palm-groves of Jericho, in the days of Herod the Great, were three miles broad and eight miles long, interspersed with gardens of balsam so fragrant that the forest was scented with them, and so valuable that, a few years later, no richer present could be made by Antony to Cleopatra.

The entire Jordan valley may be irrigated, not only by the mountain streams, but by the Jordan River; and the land awaiting reclamation, and the resources now undeveloped, are scarcely inferior to those of the valley of the Nile. I have examined the Jordan valley, in company with a gentleman of practical experience, from Nevada, with special reference to irrigation from the Jordan itself, and am convinced that the project is feasible. In ancient times, there was a very perfect system of irrigation, by means of canals and aqueducts from the mountain springs, remains of which still exist, built at great expense, under ledges, through mountain ranges, and around rocky cliffs, and showing a considerable degree of engineering skill. Give to these plains and deserts, on either side of the Jordan, water and they are transformed into gardens. The capabilities are great, because the supply of water is abundant, and every acre of land can be reached by irrigating canals.

The valley of the Jordan, and basin of the Dead Sea, is geologically one of the most interesting on the earth's surface, and it is the key to the whole geology of the district. Palestine is a mass of mountains rising from the sea-coast on the west, and from the desert on the east, out asunder by the south, and by the plain of Esdraelon from east to west; so that, in a limited area of territory, we find a great variety of climate and of products.

There are four plainly marked belts, or tracts of country, in Palestine, running from north to south; the maritime plain, the central mountain range the broad Jordan valley, and the eastern table land.—Bashan, and the land of Moab. The central range of mountains is intersected by the plain of Esdraelon extending from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. The northern portion of the range of mountains is called "the hills of Galilee," and the central portion "the hills of Samaria." The maritime plain is an immense wheat-field, capable of producing wheat, rye, barley and grain of various kinds. One of my friends has purchased a farm of five thousand acres of Galilee wheat, one of the finest fruits of the soil; and the culture is exceedingly productive. Over all this land are flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and horses; and in the valleys between the mountains are patches of arable land, where are grown wheat, rye, barley and vegetables and fruits. At Gaza, there is a fair variety of the apple; and at or near Damascus, the apple and the apricot attain to a considerable degree of perfection.

There are immense tracts of country now lying waste, capable of the highest degree of cultivation, sufficient if restored, and protected by a strong government, for the support in comfort, and even in luxury, of a population equal to the most extravagant pictures drawn by the historian Josephus, when his object in writing seems to have been to enhance the importance of his country in the estimation of the Greek-speaking people for whom he wrote. Whether his figures are correct or not, I am convinced that they are not beyond the bounds of possibility or of probability.

The vast number and extent and massiveness of the ruins of deserted cities, each on its mountain height, and on the borders of the sea, and in the Jordan valley, and on the trans-Jordanic plains, not fragments of stones only, but solid walls, columns, capitals, fountains, cisterns, aqueducts, and even streets and houses and temples, afford evidence of what the country once was, and of what it may again become, under the fostering care of good government, a secure land tenure, and equitable laws. It not only may, but it did, sustain ten-fold its present population. It was prosperous and populous in the days of Solomon, of the Persian rule, of Herod the Great, of the Romans; and comparatively so in the days of the Crusades.

Almost every hill-top on the mountain range is covered by the vestige of some city or fortress of former ages; ruins are numerous, and in a large proportion to the villages and towns still in existence.

So, too, the maritime plain; on the sea-coast, in the Jordan valley and on the plains of Moab. We may not judge of the capabilities of the land by its present depressed condition. It is a country of ruins beyond any other country on the face of the globe, and all over its surface is written one word—desolation.

It is a treeless, limestone region; and yet it once was a land of gardens and forests, of fig trees, of olive-groves, and of vineyards.

The nations of the earth need the pro-

ducts of these lands. The world is waiting for the hour and the man,—for the man who shall call these dead industries into life, and make the resources of this ancient land, celebrated in story and in song, tributary and subservient to the wants and needs of the world's advancing civilization.

Two lines of steamers touch regularly at Joppa,—the French and the Austrian,—and at other points on the Syrian coast; besides occasional ships, Italian, Turkish, Roman, and British. Sailing vessels are sent for, also to receive special cargoes of products collected together by the shipping merchants. The only carriage road is that from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Travel and transport are by camel and donkey path, over mountain ranges, through deep dikes, across vineyards, olive groves, and wheat-fields. Fences are of stone. There are no hotels except at Jaffa, Jerusalem and Haifa.—*S. S. Times*.

CRUCIFIXION.

The Hebrews derived the punishment from the Romans. The upright beam was let into the ground, and the criminal being raised up, as fastened to the transverse piece by nails driven through his hands, sometime through his feet also, and often the feet were crossed and one nail driven through both. The feet were sometimes bound to the cross by cords. A small tablet, declaring the crime, was placed on the top of the cross. The victim died under the most frightful sufferings, so great that even amid the raging passions of war, pity was sometimes excited. The wounds were not in themselves fatal. A raging fever soon sets in, and the victim complains of throbbing headache, intense thirst and pain. When mortification ensues, as is sometimes the case, the sufferer rapidly sinks. He is no longer sensible to pain, but his anxiety and sense of prostration are excessive; hicough supervenes, his skin is moistened with a clammy sweat and death ensues. The duration of these agonies varied with the constitution of the sufferer and the state of the weather. Death was hastened by the heat of the sun and the night air, but it did not ordinarily come until he had hung for thirty-six hours or more.

THE AFGHANS.

Their strong, near features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance: their black eyes—"their lids tinged with antimony to add force, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy to them"—are full of fire, so that their swift, bold, and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called *barek*, made of camel's hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cashmere; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume.

The garments of the young chiefs are often quite gay with gold-lace or gold-thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harems, who are very skillful with the needle.

Comte d'Gobinan, in his *Romances of the East* thus describes a young Afghan chief whose name was Moshen, meaning *beautiful*. "His complexion was richly swarthy, like the skin of fruit ripened in the sun. His black locks curled in wealth of ringlets round the compact fls of his blue turban striped with red; sweeping and rather long silken moustache dressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cunobile, round and breathing of life an impassion. His eyes, tender and deep, shed relily. He was tall, strong, slender, bad-shouldered and strait-limbed. No one would ever dream of fingering him; it was evident that the pure Afghan blood flowed in his veins."

The beard of young Afghans is frequently spun off by eastern writers, but it would seem from the very nature of things a rough glowing description must overtake; just as the handsome, vivacious Uncas of our well-beloved Western Indian romances, James Fenimore Cooper, can hardly be recognized in Mern Modoc. Still, abundant testimony to a dark and hardy bearded Afghan in his prime.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Sustain and glorify yourself in the Lord; and be strong, for you are in the beaten and common path.—*Rutherford*.

Flatter not thy faith to God, if thou wastest for thy neighbor; and think not thyself for thy neighbor, if thou wastest God—when they are both wanting both dead, if once divided.

Selections.

It is a great thing, when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.—*Chapin*.

There are no fires that will melt out our drossy and corrupt particles like God's refining fires of duty and trial, living as He sends us to live, in the open field of the world's sins and sorrows, its plausibilities and lies, its persecution, and animosities and fears, its eager delights and bitter wants, if we still keep Him in view in all.—*Bushnell*.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of truth and time.
—*Whittier*.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe—its popular attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—*Daniel Webster*.

In the atonement of Christ Jesus there is bread and to spare. There is sufficient efficacy in the blood of Jesus, if God had so willed it, to have saved not only this world, but also ten thousand worlds if they had transgressed the Maker's law. Once admit infinity into the matter and limit is out of question. O Lord, enable all of us to believe in the omnipotent power of the atonement, for the just shall live by faith.—*Spurgeon*.

Deign, Jesus Lord, my soul to hide
Within Thy pierced and bleeding side!
O give me in Thy wounded heart
My rest to find, nor thence depart.

When Satan's wiles would work me harm,
And Earth with her delights would charm,
Within Thy heart I safely rest,
Within Thy side secure and blest.

When Sense with every art beguiles,
And tempts me with her treacherous smiles,
I will not fear, since still for me
Thy side a refuge safe shall be.

When fate shall end my mortal breath,
And close these eyes in darksome death,
O Jesus, let my soul abide,
E'en then within Thy bleeding side!

Science and Art.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—In Paris and in several other French towns a system of official inspection of lightning-rods exists. The rods are tested once a year, or oftener, with a galvanometer, to see if they are in working order. Probably many of the accidents that occur are due to the deterioration of the apparatus. As soon as the lightning rod men hear of this they will equip themselves with galvanometers, and by an infallible means of proving the conductivity of the rods, they will be able to point out the rods that are in need of repair. The rods are made of iron, and are of two kinds: one of iron, and one of zinc. The rods are tested once a year, or oftener, with a galvanometer, to see if they are in working order. Probably many of the accidents that occur are due to the deterioration of the apparatus. As soon as the lightning rod men hear of this they will equip themselves with galvanometers, and by an infallible means of proving the conductivity of the rods, they will be able to point out the rods that are in need of repair.

MINERAL WAX.—The most wonderful mineral discovery yet made is that of immense beds of mineral wax in Southern Utah and Arizona, specimens of which we have before us. This remarkable find, in the opinion of some competent experts, is of greater importance than was that of petroleum in Pennsylvania. Prof. Henry Wurtz was, we believe, the first to identify this peculiar substance as zietrisite, or the Romanian mineral wax. It differs from paraffine, which name has sometimes been given to it, by being insoluble in either, and in other respects. In European countries, this curious mineral is found in small quantities, but as is usual in America, we have here found it in beds said to be as much as 20 feet in thickness, and extending over many miles in area.—*Engineering Journal*.

STONE PLANING MACHINE.—A machine for planing granite and other hard stones has been brought out that promises to prove of value in reducing the cost of preparing building stones. It consists of an oblong frame of iron, supported at the corners, and carrying a movable platen, somewhat after the manner of iron planing machines. On this is placed a strong head-piece or tool holder, and by means of a system of long pulleys and corresponding belts, power may be brought to the tool whatever its position during the work. The block of granite to be planed is placed on a hand-truck and rolled under the machine and raised by means of jack-screws to the proper level for the work. The revolution of the cutting tool planes down the stone at about the pace of the iron planers, and performs the work in a manner fully equal to hand labor. The tool is fed to the work by hand, one man being sufficient for all the work.—*The World's Work*; *Scribner for April*.

GETTING RID OF SNOW IN CITIES.—More than eight years ago the city authorities of London offered a prize for any invention which would enable them to get rid of snow in the streets. Seventeen schemes were submitted. The successful apparatus was at once erected and has been in operation every year since. It consists simply of an inclined plate of iron, fixed below a manhole leading to the main sewer. Under this plate are arranged gas-burners. The snow carted from the adjoining thoroughfares is shoveled down the manhole grating, falls on the heated plate, is reduced to water and passes away down the sewer. The consumption of gas is very moderate, and the cost is said to be much less than that incurred by carting away the snow on the old system. The apparatus, says *The Engineer*, has proved extremely successful, and the invention deserves to be widely adopted.

SEWER GAS.—The opinion has become quite prevalent among engineers, in respect to ventilation of sewers and drains, that the poisonous and mephitic vapors should be allowed to escape into the atmosphere, so that the sewers be purified—thus contaminating the atmosphere and transposing the pure air into the sewers, where it is not needed, and from the sewers bringing the poisonous gases. The objection urged against this theory is that the liberated gases are heavier than atmospheric air, and, if liberated from the sewers, must hug the surface of the earth, so as to exclude invigorating air. A better way, it is urged, is to give the sewers plenty of water, which carries the matter contained in them to the sea, impedes decomposition as long as the solid matter is sufficiently immersed, and is a powerful absorbent of sewer gases, especially the ammoniacal, which it takes up to the extent of about one third its weight, or some four hundred times its own bulk.

Personal.

Charles Darwin has just completed his seventieth year.

Dr. Howard Malcolm, an eminent Baptist minister, died in this city on the 25th inst., in the 80th year of his age.

President White will not resign the Presidency of Cornell University. Professor Russell, Vice President, will act as President during his absence as Minister to Berlin.

Prince Louis Napoleon, it is said, aims at making a conquest of the Princess Beatrice of England, and obtaining, by his excursion to Zulu land, the Queen's consent to their union.

Dr. T. Hubbard Gregg, Missionary Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church for England, has seceded and formed a Reformed Episcopal Church of his own. His course is marked with some very unjustifiable proceedings.

Fourteen different nationalities, in as many provinces, are under the sway of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who is theoretically held, in order to be acquainted with the condition of his subjects, to speak seventeen distinct languages and dialects.

The list of cardinals to be created at the next consistory includes Dr. Hergenwetter, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Wurzburg; Dr. Newman, the Archbishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of Poitiers, the papal Nuncios at Paris and Lisbon, and some Italian prelates.

The case of Charles S. Hageman, D. D., against the consistory of the Second Reformed Church of Freehold, N. J., to recover \$1,166 salary, from December, 1877, to July 1, 1878, with interest, was tried before Judge Scudder and a jury lately. A verdict was rendered for the plaintiff in \$1,207 49.

Books and Periodicals.

MANUAL FOR VISITORS AMONG THE POOR, WITH A LIST OF CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN THE PHILADELPHIA, 1879.

This book has been placed on our table with the compliments of Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, assistant general secretary of the society by which it is published. It is valuable, not simply as a directory to places and institutions in this city, but for the hints and suggestions it gives to those who may wish to relieve poverty without encouraging mendicancy in other places. The gentlemen who constituted the commission to look into this matter are among the most intelligent of the various professions in Philadelphia, and their work has been dictated by pure Christian philanthropy.

THE WICKET GATE; OR, SERMONS TO CHILDREN. By William Wilberforce Newton, author of "Little and Wise." New York: Robert Carter & Bros., 530 Broadway, 1879. Pp. 346. Price \$1.25.

The publishers have kindly favored us with a copy of this work. We have examined it carefully, and are gratified to find it admirably adapted to attract and benefit children, in whose interest, especially, it has been prepared and published. Its contents are made up of twelve sermons to children on many different topics. The venerable father of the author has long been known as a most successful laborer in the interest of children, and it seems his mantle has largely fallen upon his son. The simplicity of language, as well as aptness of illustration and anecdote characterizing the sermons in the present work, evince a peculiar fitness for laboring in this important sphere. If the young are properly instructed and trained, but little fear need be indulged as to the character of the future generation. "Train up the child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it," is a positive divine utterance, the truth of which can never be gained, or successfully frittered away through captious limitations and qualifications. F.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 1815. March 29, 1879. Contents: "New Guinea and its Inhabitants," *Contemporary Review*; "The Bride's Pass," *Advance Sheet*; "A Magazine-writer," *Blackwood's Magazine*; "A Medium of Last Century," *Blackwood's Magazine*; "A Quiet Day at Home," *Saturday Review*; "The Ideal Memory," *Spectator*; Poetry. "In the Cathedral Close," "The Task," "From the South." Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

WIDE AWAKE FOR APRIL, 1879.—*Wide Awake* which reached us too late for notice last week, opens its April number with a quaint frontispiece by Robert Lewis, being a ship-board scene of the thirteenth century, illustrating the opening historical story by Mrs. Curwen entitled "The Maid of Norway." It is followed by a seasonable and instructive illustrated paper about "April Fools and other Fools," by J. F. Packard. Belonging to the same class is the spirited account of "Mardi Gras in Nice," by M. J. North. There is also a delightful illustrated story of childhood in one of our frontier forts, by Mrs. Le Boutillier of Dakota. Perhaps the most amusing story in the number is "The Forbes-Douglas Affair," written and illustrated by Mr. Bishop, the author of "Detmold" in last year's *Atlantic*. The three serials, "The Dog-berry Bunch," "St. Olaves" and "Don Quixote, Jr.," are each capital in their way. The two articles of greatest value, however, are biographical in their character, viz.: No. IV. of the "American Artists" series, by Mr. Benjamin, relating to Wm. M. Chase, with portrait and studio drawn in pen-and-ink by Mr. Chase himself; and No. XXIII. of the "Poets' Homes" series, about Col. Paul H. Hayne, the well-known Southern poet, written by Charles F. Richardson, and accompanied by a portrait and a view of the poet's romantic Georgia home at "Copse Hill." There are several illustrated poems, the two finest being "Fanny Uncle Phil," by Amelia Daily-Alden, and "A Hop," by Mrs. Carr. There are several noticeable funny drawings by "Boz," J. G. Francis, Palmer Cox, etc., which will keep all the family in good humor until the May number comes with its promised host of good things. Only \$2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1879.

THE QUESTION OF PILATE.

Pontius Pilate asked two questions, in the course of the trial of our Divine Redeemer, which are representative questions,—questions which have been asked consciously or unconsciously thousands of times since, and which will be asked more or less distinctly in the ages that are to come.

The first of these questions, "What is Truth?" was put to Christ Himself, and it formulated the inquiry which is ever welling up from the bosom of humanity, sitting in nature's darkness, yet impelled by the law of self-relief, to ask for the light. But, in the case of the Roman Procurator, the light shined in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. A veil was upon his heart; he was not in a state of mind to apprehend the declaration which "The Light of the world" had elsewhere made, when He said, "I am the truth," and so there was an evasion, and a subterfuge.

But this could not repress the other question, "What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called the Christ?" Pilate was a time-server, hiding his enormities against the people of Jerusalem from Tiberius, and yet afraid of their protests. He had conscientious convictions of the innocence of Jesus, which were increased by the dream of his wife, and he sought to relieve himself of responsibility, by throwing it upon others. Too weak to decide for himself and yet unwilling to decide against the Christ of God, he became the type of those for whom the world's current becomes too strong, and who yet feel that they cannot afford to say, "we will not have this man to rule over us."

"What shall we do with Jesus who is called the Christ?" That is the question with many who would reject Him, if they could hope that the matter would be settled by their simple rejection. But the question will recur and reverberate in the chambers of the soul, like the foot-falls of one who is leaving a place of sanctuary forever. He does not like to close the door behind him, beyond the possibility of opening it again.

It is said that when the first missionaries of the Cross went to Britain, they were brought before the Druids, whose sacrificial fires flamed up from their ruinic altars, and then went out, leaving the night blacker than it was before. There was a discussion as to whether the strangers should be heard, but one old priest said, "We in this life are sitting in a dark cavern; we do not know how we entered it, or how we can ever get out of it, and it would be well enough to listen to those who may throw some ray of light upon our path." And so philosophy and science, which hope to solve the enigma of life, feel that in ignoring Christ, they may after all be throwing away the key to the whole mystery. They may be unwilling to acknowledge Him, but what to do with Him, even when His character and work have been theoretically pushed aside, is a question which haunts them. The misgivings of the world in this regard, are wonderful, and they disturb others now as much as they did the Roman judge, at the time that Jesus was delivered to His enemies. Men may be willing that others should bear the blame of crucifying Him, in the hope of disposing of Him, but they still feel, that it is unsafe to reject the light and help He has offered.

The same question, "What then shall I do with Jesus?" rises before every one to whom He is presented as the Redeemer from sin. Any person may think like Pilate, that he has the power to thrust

Him entirely out of the way by rejecting Him. But this is impossible. He still remains as a judge, if not as a Saviour. And the fact presses upon the heart of those who may not be inclined to receive Him. They do not wish to cut off all hope by turning away from Him. That would be neither wise nor safe, for He can never be banished, and acceptance or rejection are the only alternatives.

OTTERBEIN AND THE REFORMED CHURCH.

The Annual Conference of the United Brethren in Christ held its sessions recently in Chambersburg, Pa. Some one availed himself of the occasion to publish in the Chambersburg "Public Opinion," an article on the "Rise and Progress of the United Brethren in Christ," in which the writer repeats, for the hundredth time, the misrepresentations of the relation of the Rev. William Otterbein, to the Reformed Church. The erroneous statements were promptly corrected by another writer in the following issue of the same paper.

Rev. William Otterbein never severed his connection with the Reformed Church, neither were there at any time any proceedings instituted against him before the Synod, as represented. The Records of the Church furnish full evidence of the truth of that which we assert. His name continues regularly on the roll of ministers until 1813, and the last time he attended its sessions was in 1806, after which his extreme age prevented him from attending any Synods or similar meetings.

Mr. Otterbein was one of the six missionaries, whom the Rev. M. Schlatter brought with him to this country, on his return from a visit to Germany. In 1752 he became pastor of the Church at Lancaster, which he served for a number of years. He was then successively pastor of the Church at Tulpehocken, Pa., Frederick, Md., and York, Pa., and in 1774 became pastor of the Reformed Church on Conway Street, Baltimore, Md., organized by the Rev. Mr. Swope out of a number of persons, who had withdrawn from the First Church, of which Church he continued pastor until his death, in 1813.

That the organization of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ grew out of labors, in which he was largely engaged, cannot be, nor has it ever been, denied. He was a devotedly pious man, of most liberal spirit and freely united with brethren connected with other denominations, in combined evangelistic work. Though it was found necessary after some time, for the better carrying forward of their work, to adopt a series of rules and regulations, yet the Church of the United Brethren was not fully and permanently organized, until after the death of Otterbein. This fact their own published history most plainly shows. Otterbein and his associates never contemplated the organization of a new denomination. In the mutual relations, into which they entered for co-operative evangelistic work, it was expressly stipulated, as well as understood among themselves, that their relation to each other was not intended to interfere with their relations to their respective denominations.

It is the height of absurdity to trace, as has been done, the commencement of the United Brethren Church back to the ordination of Otterbein in Germany, and it is also but little less absurd, to speak of him as a Bishop in that Church, when that office did not exist, among those with whom he was associated in evangelistic work, prior to his death. The highest position he occupied in the operations they carried forward, was that of a presiding officer at the meetings they held.

To us, it has always seemed strange, that the Rev. Mr. Spayth, who has written a professed history of the Church, full of misstatements as to Otterbein's relation to the Reformed Church, and other writers in the United Brethren Church, are not content with the real truth in the case. Otterbein was largely instrumental in the organization of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, which, however, as already stated, was not fully and formally accomplished until after his death, in 1816, if our memory serves us, when a regular constitution and full

order of discipline were adopted. The facts as they really are, should be, for them, honor enough in the case.

In the reply to the communication which appeared in the *Public Opinion*, some reference was made to the Church in Baltimore, of which Otterbein was pastor, as having been organized as a Reformed Church, and continuing such to this day as to its corporate title. Another writer in the following number of the same paper, presents the following statement:

"A communication in your paper of the 18th of March, in regard to Rev. Wm. Otterbein, says:—'His call to Baltimore in 1774, was to a regular Reformed Church on Conway Street, built by Reformed people, and history reports 'the charter' so stands, even at the present day.'"

That is not all. In the long contest for the Conway Street property, now very valuable, the 'United Brethren in Christ,' said 'we are Reformed.' They had to ignore their own Church title and claim that they were members of the 'Reformed' Church, in order to have the least shadow of a chance before the civil courts. They were obliged to say, that they held the unaltered doctrines of the Heidelberg Catechism; they professedly taught the Catechism, in order to meet the demands of the law, and they even elected their pastors according to the requirements of the Constitution of the Reformed Church, instead of having the Bishop appoint them. It was under the cover of a technical observance of these things, that the property was alienated, and it will not do now to say, that difference of doctrine, or that any repression in regard to the work of grace in the heart, necessitated the secession. The case is a noted one in the judicial decisions of Maryland, and any one who authoritatively says that the plea of the past was a ruse and a deception, may open the case again."

The statements in this quotation are correct. The writer might also have added, that, in order to keep their hold on this property, from which their Book Concern drew largely in its early history for support, they were obliged to admit an elder from the congregation, to a seat in the Conference, as required by the charter of the congregation, making it an exceptional case in their mode of government, which is doubtless continued to the present day, or otherwise they would endanger their legal hold on the property.

THE CHURCH PAPERS AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

Among the resolutions passed at the late General Synod at Lancaster, looking toward the Peace Movement, was one instructing editors to guard against the admission of irritating topics and discussions into the Church papers, until the commission to be appointed should see whether the misunderstandings among ministers and people could not be removed. We have tried to observe this requirement, referring to certain subjects only in the way of protest to their introduction at all, when they have been thrust upon the Church in such a way as to attempt the removal of old excitements, by bringing charges which have always been indignantly denied. We still think that, with few exceptions, our people want peace, and that they will not consent to be lashed into another fight over the shoulders of a pervert, whose apostasy all have condemned. If there was any sincerity in the vows and prayers made at our last Gen'l Synod, they ought to survive the dejection of a man, whose very manner of living the Church that raised him from the mire, showed such falsity as to make his testimony unworthy of respect. And to quote such an one against brethren, who are unanimous and hearty sending him down to the crestless corion of a deposed minister, looks like if there was a desire on the part some, to throw in the apple of discord with the view of defeating the peace movement.

Well, if that is the disposition of anyone, nothing that the friends a better understanding can do will breach it. Silence will be construed as an acknowledgment of wrong, anything that may be said will be tread into offense. There are states of mind in which discussion breathes itself; what is called prayer, and all teach and even worship, is mere question of others. Then the avoidance of any controversy becomes an impossibility. First pure and then peaceable," is a maxim that must apply to the heart as to doctrine. Without that there is a searching for causes of dissension; searchers are apt to be finders, while the finding be true or not. Card Richelieu once said to some one near, "I can detect heresy in any words you

may utter." "Two and one are three," said the person. "Three's One;" exclaimed the haughty prelate, "he has uttered blasphemy against the Trinity. Away to the Bastille with him."

To entrust the peace movement to such a spirit is to abandon it in the start, and turn solemn pledges into a farce, to which we do not wish to become a party.

It is easy enough to pick flaws and stir up strife, but it is difficult to promote harmony. Yet, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

JOY IN THE WILDERNESS.

In many places in the Bible the Kingdom of God and its spiritual blessings are set forth under the image of a feast. As the table is one of the principal signs of the wealth and social character of a house; so also in the Kingdom of God; and they who are counted worthy of it, are admitted by the divine King Himself, to His royal and bountiful board. All the high privileges accorded to the guests of a King are theirs, and they are in a position to realize the fullness of joy in the gratification of every true desire.

This truth is brought out in the strongest light—intensified, so to speak—by the psalmist David: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." Here is not only a promise that, after the vexations and miseries of this life, there shall be rest from all these, and a festal celebration of victory over all enemies; but that, in the very midst of our probationary conflict, the blessings of Christ's kingdom shall flow to us as from the table of our heavenly King. We are to understand, that the Lord encamps around His people with hosts of angels, so that no harm can approach them, to their hurt; while they, at the same time, receive from His hand the blessings of His grace. They are in the enemies' country, where no indulgence in joyful festivities could be possible, were it not for the protecting presence of their Lord, who prepares a table before them in the presence of their enemies. That is, notwithstanding that they are in a foreign land as strangers and pilgrims, they are made to realize that they are nevertheless members and citizens of the kingdom and family of God, and heirs of an inheritance that is eternal, free from sin and enemies, and infinitely glorious.

What we wish now to direct attention to, especially, is this: That the highest, the most rational, as well as the purest and holiest enjoyment which men can have, even in this world, is in the service and worship of God. Such is the testimony of the psalmist when, as here, he speaks of the blessings bestowed upon the righteous as a feast prepared by the hand of their Lord and Master Himself. And in order to show the great dignity of those who are admitted to the feast—that they are not an indiscriminate herd of paupers, receiving *en masse* the royal bounty—he says for himself (and he represents all who are of like spirit): "Thou anointest my head with oil." In this way he was directed by the Holy Spirit to discover to us that the people of God are invited to His banqueting house, each one known to Him, and honored by the highest mark of distinction. The anointing signifies the exalted position of each one as a personal friend of the King. Thus every Christian is anointed with the Holy Ghost, and is made a partaker with Christ of His anointing, so that he stands in loving, living, and official relation to Him.

And so the overflowing cup expresses the fullness of the Christian's joy: "My cup runneth over." And all this in the presence of powerful enemies, on account of which it might be supposed that the joy and peace would be almost extinguished by oppressive fear. But not so; the true believer knows that his Lord is a sure defence and a strong tower, and therefore he can rejoice as an honored guest in the house and at the table of his almighty Friend. His enemies may indeed fall upon him at the very table of the King, for it is spread in the wilderness; and death, the last enemy, may strike him down and claim the victory. Yet he "will fear no evil," for even that enemy

cannot rob him of the support which he receives from the Shepherd's rod and staff. Death itself cannot diminish the overflowing cup of his joy. The enemy of Christ and His Church may invade the banqueting house, and strike at the banner of love that floats over it; but without effect, and without any result, except what must redound to the glory of Christ and the good of His people.

The Christian life then in this world, is not a disagreeable condition forced upon men, and which can be endured only on account of the eternal happiness that is to come after it in the other world. As our Redeemer rejoiced in Spirit while in the dreadful wilderness, so also may we; for He has promised to support and defend us. The world, the flesh and the devil are ever near to inflict dangerous wounds; but the Lord is near also to ward off or to heal, and to spread the table of joy. The religion of Jesus is more and better than a bitter trial to be endured as a sacrifice, in consideration of future enlargement and deliverance from all evil. There is joy in the wilderness—the same in its essence as the joy of heaven itself. K.

DEATH OF REV. JOHN RUTH.

We regret to record the death of Rev. John Ruth, chaplain to the Eastern Penitentiary, which took place on the 24th inst. Every one acquainted with Mr. Ruth's work in the State Prison during the last seventeen years is willing to bear testimony to his fidelity and efficiency. Our limited observation led us to think his talents and judgment were especially adapted to the position he occupied. His rule was to treat convicts as men, simply offering Christ to them as the only hope of humanity. The other officers of the institution attributed much of the good discipline that prevails in the prison to Mr. Ruth's counsel and influence.

Notes and Quotes.

The Philadelphia County Medical Society, in condemning the walking matches which are attracting great numbers of a certain class of people to Concert Hall, in this city, as demoralizing. "The profits of this sort of business are the inducements to the rough sport, and the cruel curiosity of mankind furnishes the money."

It will be seen from our obituary column that five children of Mr. George Plank died recently of scarlet fever at Arendtsville, Pa. No wonder that parents and pastors should dread this disease, which so often desolates homes, and congregations. The bereaved parents will have the sympathy of all who read this notice of their affliction.

We see from the daily papers that a noted "negro minstrel" sued the proprietor of one of the Arch Street Theatres for his pay,—\$150 per week—and got a verdict for the whole amount, although he did not attend to his duties. \$7,800 per year would be a right good salary for a Philadelphia preacher, and we doubt whether that much is given to a single one of them. We did not know that prices for anything ruled so high in the neighborhood of our office.

Here is a fable which has been published in other papers, without offence, and may be safely quoted in ours if no one makes it personal by applying it to himself:

A clapper in an old church tower professed to be greatly grieved because the bell it hung in was cracked. It was ever and anon telling of its grief in most dolorous tones, and excited the sympathy of many unsophisticated people. But the ghost of Diogenes coming along said, "Cease your whining, Master Clapper; remember in the first place that you cracked the bell, and in the second place no one would know it was cracked if you didn't tell them.—MORAL." When you meet a man who is always complaining of the heterodoxy of the Church and the want of harmony among its members, tell him this fable. Those who make the most complaint are often those who are most to blame. How is

it with you, any way—is there a cracked bell in your Church, and are you the clapper?

We admit to our columns this week another article on the Chinese question. It is entitled to respect as coming from one of our worthy missionaries on the Pacific coast, but we cannot understand it, and half suspect that there is some grave irony in it. That there should be for instance an exclusion of the Chinese, because Steamship Companies cheat them so terribly and then sell their families "in China," for passage money; or that they should be kept away because a Baptist Church has degenerated into a Joss house, it is hard to conceive, since, as we said before all, this is harder on other people than on the "Celestials." Then parts of the argument proceed upon the false assumption, that all the inhabitants of the flowery kingdom are to come here, since only in that case would Philadelphia have to take the immense influx spoken of. There are different estimates of the number of these Mongolian immigrants, and we have taken official figures in forming an opinion of the matter, but the ratio is not large, and they are scattered over a vast territory on our western shores, although San Francisco may have more than its share just now. The cheap labor question too is a mixed one. The Chinese servants may work for wages so low, that no one can compete with them, but if it be true, that the Irish Patricks want their Bridgets, to be employed at \$40 per week, as in the early California times and even later during the prevalence of inflated war prices, there may be fault on that side, since in that case family life would be almost impossible, and good people would be driven away.

We can assure our correspondents that there is here in the east no under estimation of the vice and degradation with which our brethren at the Golden-Gate have to contend. The only thought is, that, in the practical issue raised, the Christian element ought to be re-inforced, and conquer under the sign of the cross, instead of falling or retreating before Paganism. The victory is sure in the end. Our correspondent, certainly, is not disposed to look at only one side of the question, as his article shows. But we have had enough on this general subject.

OUR INSTITUTIONS AT LANCASTER.

As previously noticed in the MESSENGER, the Catalogue of the Institutions at Lancaster for 1878-1879 has just made its appearance. The number of students is given as follows: College, 87; Academy, 47; Theological Seminary, 24; total, 158. There is a considerable increase over last year in the whole number. The College alone numbers some 20 more than last year, while the Academy remains about the same, and the number in the Seminary something less than in former years. There are six regular professors in the College, five teachers in the Academy, and three regular professors in the Seminary; but as several professors in the College render some assistance also in the Academy, the whole number of professors and teachers is twelve. We are pleased to notice that music is taught in the Academy. When it is remembered, that the College receives no irregular, or scientific students, but that all on its roll are taking a full classical course, this increase over last year indicates a healthful growth and prosperity. It might not be difficult to secure the attendance of a much larger number, if all who offer themselves were accepted, or if a special course were provided for such as wish to pursue only a portion of the regular studies in the course. But it is believed that the College has already gained, and will continue to gain, by adhering to its principle and standard in this respect.

The present endowment of the College is about sufficient to meet its current expenses. Its financial basis is sound. It has no debt on its property, which is worth in the neighborhood of \$150,000. There are few, if any, colleges in the State in a better financial condition. Having such a foundation, its future stability and prosperity are secured. It is not affected by fluctuations and contingencies that must necessarily affect and impel those colleges that are without reliable endowment or deeply in debt. We make this statement, not in the spirit of boasting, but for the satisfaction and encouragement of the Church. For, although in one view, the College is in such satisfactory condition financially, it nevertheless needs enlargement in order that it may keep up with the progress of the times. Its most pressing need at present, in our judgment, is a building for its different libraries, chemical laboratory and museum. Such a building might be erected at a moderate cost, say \$10,000. Then additional teaching force should be added in the department of natural science. Here the beginning should be made. Such a building should include a comfortable and pleasant reading-room. That would meet and satisfy a pressing want, which cannot well be satisfied in any other way.

It is very easy to depreciate Franklin and Marshall College by comparing it with older and more largely endowed institutions, such as Princeton; but the people of the Reformed Church should not allow themselves to be affected by such comparisons. Our responsibilities are measured by our abilities. Those who understand what these abilities are may

justly feel encouraged with the work the College has done and is doing. Our German people may be somewhat tardy in their work in the interest of higher education, but in their solid prosperity the foundations are being laid for a bright future in this direction.

Considering the difficulties and trials through which the Reformed Church has passed, the fact that it is scarcely forty years since it commenced the work of establishing its own literary and theological institutions, there is much encouragement in the measure of success that has attended its efforts. The eastern section of the Church may congratulate itself on the good foundation that has been laid for future work in the College at Lancaster. With the advent of peace in the Church, there is good reason to expect an era of increasing prosperity for this College.

In regard to the Theological Seminary we need only say, that it is meeting the wants of the Church. The number of students is not large, but along with the other similar institutions that prepare young men for the ministry, it furnishes a supply equal to the demand. Its course of three years is full. In this respect it will bear comparison with the best theological seminaries of the country. Its efficiency would be increased, if another professorship were added to its faculty, to have charge of exegesis exclusively. We hope to see the day, when one of the Synods, under whose care the Seminary is conducted, will endow such a professorship.

Such, briefly, is the condition of the Institutions at Lancaster, and such are their wants. We write neither to flatter nor to discourage. The situation calls for neither. They are doing their work faithfully and well, according to the means at their command. As these means are increased, their operations will be enlarged, and we feel well assured, that the day of such increase and enlargement is not far distant. The best encouragement to induce those who are able to give for this purpose is the assurance that the foundations already laid are firm and enduring.

REPORTER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

for the Upper District of East Susquehanna Classis.

The Sunday School Convention for the Upper District of East Susquehanna Classis assembled in the Reformed Church at Catawissa, Pa., on Tuesday, March 18, 1879, and was called to order by the Superintendent of the District, Rev. S. B. Schafer, who was afterwards elected President of the Convention. Rev. W. E. Krebs was elected Secretary, and John Martz, Treasurer. The following programme was then discussed during five sessions: 1st Session. The Object and Mission of the Sunday School—discussed by Revs. W. E. Krebs and Wm. C. Schaeffer. 2d Session. Qualifications for a successful Sunday School Teacher—discussed by Rev. T. Derr, Supt. W. D. Snyder, and Rev. J. K. Millet. 3d Session. Sunday School Discipline, or the Secret of preserving Order—discussed by Revs. Wm. C. Schaeffer and W. E. Krebs. 4th Session. How to secure the Regular Attendance of the Scholars and an Interest in the Lesson—discussed by Revs. E. D. Miller and G. B. Dechant. 5th Session. The best Method to instruct the Infant Class—discussed by Rev. S. B. Schafer.

At the close of the Convention the following resolutions were adopted as expressing the sense of the Convention on the several topics discussed: Resolved, That it is the object and mission of the Sunday School to educate and train children for the Church. As such, its work should be directed primarily toward the baptized children of the Church, but included in its activity should, nevertheless, always be an effort to reach such as may not stand in such covenant relation. To reach this end most effectually the school should, as far as possible, be held in the Church.

Resolved, That a teacher, to be successful in Sunday School work, must have proper qualifications of head and heart. He should be a professed follower of the Lord Jesus, well versed in the Word of God and the Standards of the Church; he should be earnest and zealous in his work, and always show a loving interest in the children committed to his care for instruction.

Resolved, That the secret of preserving order in Sunday School consists chiefly in keeping the children interested and busy. As helps to this may be mentioned regular responsive services and readings, thorough organization, and the cultivation of a spirit of reverence for God's house and Word.

Resolved, That in order to secure the regular attendance of the children, the Superintendent and teachers should first make it a point to be punctual themselves; that the best way of attracting the children is to present the truth in a genial and attractive manner; and that afterwards such other things, as rewards, books, &c., may be used as auxiliary and subordinate means to attract and bind the scholars to their school.

Resolved, That the first requisite in the infant class is simplicity; that the instruction in that class should hence be simplified as much as possible by illustrations of various kinds; and that it should be the aim of infant instruction to store the memory with short and expressive passages of Scripture, prayers and hymns, on the principle that a child can feel the truth even when it cannot understand it.

W. C. S.

THE CHINESE.

The Church in the Pacific States ought to feel thankful for the lively interest manifested in her by so many ministers and ministerial associations in other parts of the country. Beecher recently said: "We must have better and braver ministers in California," and, we may hope, that the expressions of sublime wisdom, uttered by clergymen in our behalf, may excite a beneficial influence. The flood of clerical eloquence wasted upon the Chinese question, a local matter, which, by political exertions, was made a national issue, invites some sarcastical remarks in response.

We extend thanks to the Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Philadelphia, for unanimously petitioning our good President, on motion of Dr. H. A. Boardman, to veto the Anti-Chinese Bill, on the ground of having found, "upon examination, that the Chinese immigration to this country has been comparatively small." The Pacific Slope, viz: California, Oregon, Nevada, and the adjacent territories, inhabited at present by not quite a million of people, among whom, we suppose, there are two hundred and fifty thousand able bodied male persons, aged from say

lycen to fifty years, has only a comparatively small population of one hundred and twenty thousand Chinese (inclusive of scarcely ten thousand females, children and aged men). There is no great danger that our country "will be overrun by them," because they are very economical in occupying room, and are very good in building scarcely enough for the abode of ten Caucasians or Africans. It is not by crowding our country, but by devastating it, that they retard the development of its resources.

How would the venerable Dr. Boardman enjoy the privilege of gazing upon the streets of Philadelphia, desolated in consequence of the influx of multitudes of leprouded and vicious Celestials? Philadelphia would not be overrun by three millions of children from the Flowery Kingdom. Where the beautiful sons of the Kingdom of the Centre leave their very great wealth they bring, is no easy thing to be discovered. In sending off immense sums which they gather they are very cautious.

We fail to see the condemnatory spirit of communism in the protest against such prices for labor, which permit the laborer to pay but from seventy five cents to one dollar boarding per week. But even if such cost be justly restricted by law, how is it that the just and pious Presbyterian ministers forget all about Coolie slavery? For the purpose of refreshing their memory on this point, we may be allowed to direct their attention to the following citation from one of our dailies:

"A whole family were put for sale in China, because, as the broker, aged, the head of the family was in California had neglected to pay his passage money, id, to pay the debt, his wife, three girls and boys, all of whom were security for the money, had to be sold. The father of the girl and boys had been charged \$300 for his passage to California (the fare being only \$4), leaving the company sending him out \$2 profit. With a knowledge of such facts, anything more than disgust be manifested at the fact of bringing scores of thousands of such creatures to our State, and thus to foster the daily sale of human beings, and thus bring about prostitution and support robbery in ridding the Chinamen here by the company charging from seven to eight times the regular price of fare, is a singular feature of the Christian ministry."

It is only just to state, that the Church, especially the Presbyterian Church, is endeavoring to completely fulfil her duty toward the Chinese "that come to our shores." Missionaries are laboring faithfully and energetically, and Christian women are doing a noble work among the outcast children and degraded women of this race. But facts are stubborn things; so are numbers. How can our Christian population come up to her obligations toward such a terrible mass of depraved pagans!

It is a deplorable fact, that the First Baptist Church, in the city of San Francisco is perverted into a Joss house (a Chinese temple)—that another church is now used as a house of prostitution and a den for Chinese gamblers and opium smokers, and the several churches had to be closed in consequence of being literally overrun by Chinese pest holes. An immigration, having at times numbered from 1,800 to 2,000 per month, cannot be easily brought under a Christian influence, by a comparatively small number of those professions.

Very truly our "Kaiser Zeitung" remarked, that the vices of the Christians are the greatest obstacles in the way of Christianizing the "Mong lians." A sad, heart-rending fact it is, that, among one hundred people, scarcely one who professes Christianity can be found, and how few faithful ones may be among these, the Lord only knows. At any rate, our feeble attempts to preach the gospel to our American and foreign-born citizens should not be "abandoned" or neglected, on account of heathenish hordes, petted in their wickedness.

Treaties with a semi barbarous nation, such as are the Celestials,—though some still speak of their ancient and high culture, forgetting their atrocious customs and barbarous mode of living—were never kept by this people themselves. We would not advise the venerable doctor to penetrate into the interior of the Flowery Kingdom, thinking to avail himself of the protection afforded by a treaty, or deeming himself worthy of a peculiar esteem, for his sympathy and love for the long queue of the Chinaman.

At Peking, Canton, Shanghai, and some other places, or rather, in the suburbs of these cities, foreigners as suffered to sojourn, but the interior is carefully guarded against every intruder. "The gates are opened to the missionaries;" but the time is yet to come, when they can enter the whole of China and preach the gospel to its inhabitants under protection afforded by a political treaty.

Let us, however, cherish the hope, that, in spite of barbarous resistance on the part of the Chinese, the zealous missionary zeal will overcome all obstacles, relying solely on that everlasting truth: *hoc signo vinces*. In the meantime, it would be appropriate to direct our attention at first to the renegades and faint-hearted among so-called Christians, and to show a kind and sympathizing disposition, even to the deplorable sinners and profligates in our midst.

J. F.

San Francisco, Ca March 13, 1879

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. John H. Sedg, pastor of Boehm's Church, Montgomery county, Pa., has removed from Blue Bell to Centre Square, Montgomery Co., Pa. His change of address does not interfere with pastoral relation.

The post office add of the Rev. W. R. Yearick has been changed from Turbotville, Northumberland Co., to his temporary place of sojourn, to Walkersville county, Pa., which place has become his permanent residence. We are pleased to learn that this severely afflicted brother still able to move about.

SYNOD OF THOMAS.

The post-office address of the Rev. H. F. Long has been changed from Sarah to Claysburg, Blair county.

At a special meeting of the Maryland Classis, held in the Thibault, Baltimore, Md., on the 27th of March Rev. Conrad Clever was received in the Lancaster Classis, the call to him from the Third Church confirmed, and provision for his installation. The installation place in the evening. The sermon preached by the

Rev. Dr. J. W. Santee, and the liturgical services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. E. R. Eschbach. Rev. W. Goodrich was the third member of the committee of installation. The Baltimore Star states, that the "congregation is very well pleased with the selection they have made in their young pastor. He is talented, energetic, and more than an ordinary pulpit orator. The congregations are larger now than they have been for many years past."

Rev. A. C. Whitmer, who resigned the pastorate of the Altoona charge a short time ago, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening, the 23d of March. His text was Acts xx. 31. The Altoona papers state, that the house was crowded, the aisles being filled with benches and many being obliged to stand. Every word was listened to with affectionate interest, and before the conclusion, there were not many dry eyes in the house. The congregation parts with him with deep regret, and he will be followed wherever he may go, with feelings of affection and respect, which will not be confined to members of his own church. He has removed to Millinburg, Union county, at which place his correspondents will please address him hereafter.

PITTSBURG SYNOD.

The Allegheny Classis having reconstructed the Fairview and Sugar Creek charges, Butler county, Pa., the respective pastors, Rev. J. Hannabery and Rev. J. W. Alsapach, have resigned their pastorates, to take effect on the 1st of April, 1879.

Rev. J. M. Tittel, we are pleased to learn from the Westmoreland Democrat, was the happy recipient of a visit from a large number of his congregation, which resulted considerably to his benefit. They took advantage of his birthday, which occurred on the 19th of March, to perpetrate their deed of kindness. On his return from his evening services, he found his house occupied by his parishioners, who had brought a great variety of useful things for the household, and also a purse containing a handsome sum of money. They returned to their homes leaving their pastor highly gratified at this mark of esteem, and truly grateful for the favors received.

The Licentiate J. S. Wagner has accepted a call from the Stoytown charge, and purposes entering upon active service on the 1st of May. The three congregations constituting this charge, namely, Mt. Tabor, Friedensburg, and Stoytown, after the 1st of April, cease to be a part of the Beam charge, under the pastoral care of Rev. W. H. Bates.

WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with a communion held in the congregation at Baltimore, Ohio, Rev. H. H. Sandoe, pastor, on the 2d of March, four persons were added to the church by confirmation, three of whom are heads of families. Two children were also baptized.

Thirty-five persons were recently added to the Mt. Calvary Church, of the Highland charge, Ohio, of which the Rev. G. H. W. Smith is pastor.

A very enjoyable sociable was recently held in the interest of the Sunday School of the Pleasant Valley, Iowa, Reformed Mission, Rev. D. P. Lefever, pastor. The older members dined, and the younger ones supped at the parsonage, and after enjoying themselves in a social way, returned to their homes, leaving behind them their contributions for the benefit of the Sunday School. The sum realized is not given.

Rev. Henry Bair, recently of North Washington, Westmoreland county, Pa., has removed to Millersburg, Elkhardt county, Indiana. His post office address is changed accordingly.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

In the statistics of the Zion's Church, in this city, as given in our notice of its twenty-fifth anniversary week before last, the figures, in consequence of an omission, became somewhat mixed. The corrected statistics are as follows: Paid for current expenses, \$53,657; for missions and other benevolent objects, \$8,932; for the poor and needy, \$3,367; receipts of the Sunday School Association, \$7,954; of the Female Benevolent Association, during the nine years of its existence, \$4,635; and of the Youth's Association, \$1,825.

ALMANACS FOR 1879.

The Reformed Church Almanac for 1879 is now out and ready for distribution. They may be had from our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila., at the following reduced prices.

1 dozen copies	\$0 65
50 copies	2 50
100 "	4 75
144 "	6 50.

When sent by mail, 12 cents per dozen will be added for postage. A specimen copy sent by mail on the receipt of 8 cents in postage stamps.

It will be found an excellent affair, and contains a large variety of matter calculated to impress upon the minds of Christians the duty they owe to God and to the Church. Not a family should be without a copy.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanacs from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the following prices: A single copy sent by mail on the receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps. 1 doz. 90 cts., to which 17 cents must be added for postage, when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 7 cents per copy will be charged.

Married.

In Trinity Reformed church, St. Clairsville, Pa., March 23d, by Rev. D. N. Dittmar, Jacob J. Moses to Miss Malinda Croyde, both of Bedford county, Pa.

At the pastor's residence, March 6th, by Rev. H. Bair, Mr. Jacob W. Wisler to Miss Margaret A. George, both of North Washington, Pa.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at Turbotville, Mr. Wm. W. Weyer, of Finlay, Hancock county, Ohio, to Miss Susan A. Hagerman, of Comley, Montour county, Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a special meeting of the Teachers' Association of the Second Reformed Church of Reading, Pa., March 24, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted, as a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Jonathan P. Mengel, deceased.

Inasmuch, as God, in His infinite wisdom, has brought to a close the life of our fellow-member and

brother, Mr. Jonathan P. Mengel, who has always deserved the esteem and confidence of all who knew him, and whose early death has caused a great loss to this association, the Sabbath School, the Church, and the entire community, it is our desire to give some testimony of our respect to his memory. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Mengel, we feel that this association has lost one of its most active, faithful and efficient members, the Church an earnest supporter, the School an excellent officer, and the community an estimable citizen. Though for months not able, personally, to attend to the duties of his office, and only through illness compelled to relinquish the position, yet he has always maintained and preserved a deep interest in their welfare. As an evidence of confidence and esteem he, for a long term of years, filled the office of Librarian of the School, and subsequently became its worthy Secretary. At the organization of the Sociable of the Church he was elected its Secretary, and took a most active part in all its measures. In all his various relations and the responsible positions he has held, he always retained the confidence and esteem of those with whom he was associated. His personal character was unexceptionable, and his whole life and conduct portrayed the virtue of a noble heart. Still a young man, he was refined in manners, kind and courteous in disposition, frank and generous in his conduct, whilst his earthly career, it is true, has been short, yet not without exerting a kindly influence upon all.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family in their great affliction.

Resolved, That we attend the funeral of the deceased member in a body.

Resolved, That a page of our minutes be inscribed to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family and his parents, and be published in THE REFORMED MESSENGER and THE GUARDIAN.

A. H. SCHMEHL,
HORATIO JONES,
GEO. T. WINE,
EMMA LEVAN,
HATTIE O. McCauley,
ANNIE K. EBER,
Committee.

DIED.—In Altoona, Pa., March 25th, 1879, Alice Gertrude Dively, aged five years.

She was sick less than three days. The dear child had been wanting a birthday party, and was preparing for it. She had it, too, but in heaven. She died on her birthday.

DIED.—At the residence of his son-in-law, Jacob Hunsicker, Esq., Norristown Pa., on Monday, March 10th, 1879, Samuel Sween, of Conshohocken, Pa., in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Sween was a resident of Conshohocken for full thirty-five years. He has seen it grow up from a mere village to its present extended dimensions. He took a deep interest in all that concerned its growth and prosperity, and was largely instrumental in promoting them. The town is much indebted to the building and loan associations in its midst for the many fine buildings gracing its streets which were first introduced by him, and carried successfully forward mainly through his agency. The establishing of a bank in the place was largely due to his efforts.

He was deeply interested in the public schools of that place. He contributed very much to their success. He filled the office of school director for a period of about fifteen years, during which time the stately building used by the schools was erected. He acted as Notary Public for ten years, and performed during his long residence in the place a large amount of scrivener work. The deeds written by him for lots and farms are said to be exceedingly numerous. He was a correct and reliable business man, and died highly respected and deeply lamented.

DIED.—At Sandy Hill, Perry county, Pa., on the 24th of Nov., Elder Geo. L. Ickes, aged 52 years, 8 months and 14 days.

Brother Ickes was a consistent member of the Reformed church from his early youth. His father, Michael Ickes, was a faithful and devoted member of Emanuel's Reformed church, near Leesburg, for a number of years, and also filled the office of Elder with entire satisfaction to the members of that congregation. His constant aim was to serve his divine Master. He was a truly humble and God-fearing man. As a natural consequence, he endeavored, by the help and grace of God, to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

In this effort he succeeded well, and it seemed to us, that his mantle fell in large measure, upon his son George, the subject of this notice. He, too, as well as his father, was humble, of a very mild disposition, faithful in the discharge of his Christian duties toward his fellow-men, and in training his family in the fear of God. He was desirous, at all times, to be actively engaged in the Master's service. Even as a young man, he was willing to bear the yoke, and served as a deacon. Afterwards, when he arrived at mature years, he was elected elder, and served for many years in this capacity with great acceptance. A few years ago a new congregation was organized and a neat church erected at Sandy Hill—midway between Blair and the Buffalo church—in which enterprise he took a deep and active interest. Here he acted as elder to the end of his life. This young and small congregation will, no doubt, very sensibly feel the loss of Bro. Ickes. He was a constant and careful reader of the Reformed MESSENGER from his childhood in his father's family, and afterwards in his own family to the time of his departure, and always took an interest in the prosperity of the Church of his choice, to which he was warmly attached.

His father, a brother and a sister, his first wife and a son preceded him to the eternal world. A son to the first wife, and his second wife and a little son survive him. His last request to Mrs. Ickes was, to bring up this child in the fear of God. May God give her grace and wisdom to carry out this pious and Christian desire and request of the deceased Father!

As might be expected from his life, as he lived, so he died. Living or dying, he was the Lord's. In a letter to me, his pious and bereaved wife says: "His last words were: 'The strong arms of Jesus are around me.'" He longed to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Frequently during his sickness he would say: "The Lord's will be done!" "I will wait until my appointed time cometh," &c. His disease was consumption, which is a family disease. We have no doubt, the loss of his wife and children, as well as the loss of the Sandy Hill congregation (of which Rev. Lindaman is the worthy pastor) and the community, is his eternal gain. May the sadly bereaved and afflicted widow realize, that God is, indeed, a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless! A FRIEND.

DIED.—On the 16th of February, at Arendtsville, Theresa Ursula, aged 14 years, 5 months and 19 days. On the 22d February, in the morning, Ira Ellis, aged 16 years, 9 months and 22 days. In the evening, Calvin Dorsey, aged 8 years, 6 months and 4 days. On the 26th day of February, Emory Earle, aged 10 months and 14 days, and on the 13th inst., Cyrus Eoen, aged 7 years and 6 months, children of George G. and Rebecca J. Plank.

For four weeks past the scarlet fever has been raging in Arendtsville and vicinity. But few families have escaped its ravages. In none, however, was it more malignant and fatal than in the family of brother Plank. Out of nine interesting and sprightly children five were, in the short period of three weeks, gathered into the secure fold of the Good Shepherd on high. Everything that fond parents and kind friends could do to stay disease and save life was done. But God, who is wiser than man, and who knows how to answer the fervent prayers of His people for their profit, ordered otherwise. These children were given to the Lord in infancy, through the sacrament of holy baptism. Ira Ellis was, at his own earnest solicitation, admitted to the full communion of the Church nearly two years ago, and he never was absent from the Lord's table from that time, while he was always in his place at the regular Lord's day service and in the Sunday School. Sadly will all be missed from the home circle. The hearts of those that remain will yearn for those that are gone. Their father's care and their mother's love here were constant and tender; but He who gathers the lambs with His arms and carries them in His bosom has garnered them into the home of the saints, to be blessed forevermore. We laid their bodies to rest in the God's Acre, to mingle with their kindred dust, while we comforted the sorrowing with the hope of the resurrection of the just and the life of the world to come. H.

DIED.—At Red Hill, March 21, of dropsy, Mr. John Loux, aged 80 years, 6 months, 25 days.

Youth's Department.

CALVARY.

No songs shall break our gloom to-day
Save lowliest strains of love,
Which as we kneel before the cross
Shall sadder, deeper prove.

O Thou ETERNAL SON OF GOD,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
We worship, while Thy head is bowed
In agony and pain.

E'en as we gaze, the sweetest love
Encircles Thy pale brow;
O royal King, more fair than gold
The crown Thou wearest now.

None tread with Thee the holy place,
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice,
Which only can atone.

Thou great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, SON OF MAN,
Thy God-head seems to hide.

Thy cross is sharp, but in thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

Who love Thee most at Thy dear cross,
Will trust, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus Crucified.

GOOD FRIDAY.

As Christmas celebrates the Birth and Easter the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, so Good Friday commemorates His death. And whatever joys the festivals of the Church may bring, we should never lose sight of the fact that the precious blood of our dear Redeemer was the price paid for our salvation. Children should be interested in this; for they are saved, not because they are children, but because the Atonement of our Great High Priest avails for them. Even infants that have been guilty of no wilful transgression, are sinners by nature, and this taint which they inherit must be washed away in the fountain which God has opened in the House of David. Ask your parents and pastors to tell you how every thing depends, not upon what you are, or can become if left to yourselves, but upon what Jesus has done for you. This will help you to realize, that it is only in Him that you can have hope.

We have no divine account telling us, that any young child witnessed the crucifixion of our Lord. It is more than likely that the scenes enacted on the day of His death were so terrible and exciting, that the little ones were kept away from the crowd that thronged the streets of Jerusalem when He was led away to Golgotha. Yet some one of them borne in the arms of a mother, who either joined with the rabble, in its outcries against the Prince of Life, or else felt the pangs of sorrow at the treatment He received at the hands of men, may have looked upon the strange spectacle. At any rate, the events that transpired, when the rocks were rent and darkness prevailed, were doubtless such as would have impressed even the mind of a prattling babe. There must have been a hushed and subdued awe in every household; for even the far off heathen were appalled by the throbs of nature and said that a "god must be dying." Be that as it may, the disturbances in the outward world were nothing compared with the agony, which the Holy and the Just One suffered to bring us to God. All the guilt of man was laid upon Him, and but for His sufferings no one could be freed from eternal condemnation.

Let every little child, as well as every grown person, think of this, as he says,

"What Thou, my Lord hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain."

Here is an old prayer, which every one may offer with profit: "O righteous and holy God, who hast manifested toward us Thine unfathomable love in not sparing Thine own Son, but delivering Him up for us all; by the memory of His bitter death, by the awful mystery of His sorrows in the garden and upon the cross, we humbly beseech Thee to have mercy upon us and upon all men, and to make known Thy saving health among the nations, that He may see the travail of His soul and be satisfied; to whom with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, world without end, Amen."

OBSERVATION.

The famous Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, was on one occasion complimented on his extraordinary memory. He said, in reply, "He had no merit in having a good memory, for memory was only a result of attention." By this he meant close observation of what is seen, heard, or read. The answer was only part of the truth. To have a good memory, there must, in the first place, be a natural or acquired capacity for observing and treasuring up observations. No doubt the good memory demonstrated by Thurlow and other clever men, has been greatly owing to a strict attention to what they have heard or read, or has passed before their eyes. The brain may be defined as a kind of photographic apparatus, which retains the impression made on it through the eyes or ears. But then the apparatus must be of the right sort to begin with, and, at all events, it must be kept in good order by exercise. The great thing is to begin young. One boy, for example, will notice all that takes place. He observes the look of the people, their mode of speaking, their style of dress, the houses they live in, the anecdotes and stories they relate. Another boy, going through the same routine, takes no heed of anything to be afterwards useful. He is thinking only of trivial amusements, what he is to have for dinner, his new suit of clothes or something equally paltry and evanescent. His education is little better than thrown away, and he but dimly remembers anything that fell under his attention in youth.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home in R—, received, one morning, a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless), said: "Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world will you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again, "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T—, in reference to her, "I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a smile, and have failed."

Mr. T— said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest that he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After dinner he called her into his office and said pleasantly, "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted across the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to a store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her, "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me and pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She

went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The old's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her, and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"O, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful lilt and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness and joy faster. It was the certainty that someone had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face. Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a gold thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

ABCE HIS BUSINESS.

"I wouldn't do that," said one clerk to another, whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it?" was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland here is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above the ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and in a few minutes the master saw a porter run in the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcels.

Seizing his hat the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet and walked to the rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached and the door bell rung, the youth called out—

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.—*Youth's Companion.*

A HEROIC LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.

The Arcadians have a tradition that God enjoined perpetual silence and desolation on Labrador and Anticosti when he gave them to Cain for a heritage. However that may be, it is certain that while other wilds of the earth yield to man's conquest, these vast wastes remain ever void and empty. The Indians call the island Naticotte—he country of wailing—and under the modern corruption of Anticosti it has added to its terrible renown. Its whole history, from the day it was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534 to the present, is a record of human suffering. Here and there, however, there is a tale of heroism worthy of a nobler age. In August, 1860, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay light-house, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and, to add to his misfortune the revolving apparatus of his light-house. The government steamer *bagone* and Pope had no means of communicating with the marine department at Quebec or elsewhere. The light revolved, ashed, as the technical phrase is, ever minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken for passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to direst of life. Pope found that with a exertion he could turn it and make flash, and at once determined to fill place of the automatic gear. A young man, this humble hero sat in the tower with his watch by his side, turning light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7

P. M. until 7 A. M., from the middle of August until the first of December, and from the first of April until the end of June, when the government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus. All through the first season, Pope's daughter and grandchildren were ill unto death, with nobody save him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly through the day, but as night fell on the rock-bound coast, he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian government and humanity with unflinching devotion. In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light-room. This man may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed has never until this day been chronicled, for of the heroes of Anticosti, as of the long roll of her victims, the world knows nothing.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.

But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.
Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop off in their time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the death of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gimet el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine feeds them—what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For its song is the song of the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choir and anthems above,
For earth in its wallings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain;
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
Dr. Henry Harbaugh.

THE EYE.

The eyes show character. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray—their brows lowering, like thunder-clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers the most illustrious have very large and deep-set eyes. The poets all have large, full eyes; and musicians' eyes are large and lustrous.

Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and the blue. We think we have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to a gazelle's. The power of the eye was well illustrated in Robert Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh

very much as Samson was taken to the Temple—to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the palace, where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back room until the time should come when they were ready for him. When they were, he was brought in, and having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is There, for Honest Poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished, the nobles and gentlemen cowered and shrank before his eyes. We think his words had as much to do with it as his eyes.

Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary Queen of Scots had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power; light eyes, gentleness; and gray eyes, sweetness.

There is great magnetic power in the eyes of several of the lower animals. The lion's, the tiger's, and the serpent's eyes are all magnetic. It is well known that the serpent will charm birds that are flying above it, until in great circles they will sweep down to the destruction which awaits them.

A friend of the writer, a doctor, was one day walking in the fields, when he saw an adder lying on a rock. He drew near to examine it, and presently looked at its eyes. He was attracted by their great beauty, and involuntarily stepped forward two or three steps. Beautiful light flowed from them, and seemed to bathe the very coils of the serpent. Gradually he drew closer, until, just as he was almost within the reptile's reach, he fell, feeling, as he said afterwards, as though he had been struck by a stone. When he became conscious, his head was in a friend's lap. His first words were, "Who struck me?" "No one struck you, doctor. I saw you were charmed by the snake, and I struck it with a stone." He had struck the snake, and the doctor had felt the blow.

BE KIND, BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better this is than to have a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

Pleasantries.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar.

Mild and gentle as women are, we have known the best of them who would get up in a chair to avoid hurting a mouse.

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it for herself.

No matter how hard it is to find a rocking chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over one when he is in search of the match-box after dark.

Boarding-school miss—"Oh, Charlie! I expect to graduate at next commencement," "Graduate! what will you graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle."

"Maria! Maria, please let me in," said a man to his wife, who was looking out of the window watching him trying to open the door with a toothpick, "I sh tread on my key, and it's all flattened out."

"Brethren, before we sing the next verse of 'John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave,' let us take a look into the grave and see that it is there. In these days of Ohio medical colleges a cemetery isn't no safer than a savings bank, and it may be that political glee clubs, who have been singing the song quoted above, have been chanting a rhythmic lie for the past fifteen years."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

APRIL 13. LESSON 15. 1879.

Easter-Sunday.—John XX. 11-13.

THE RESURRECTION.

11. ¶ But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she went she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

12. And seeing two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? thou seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabbouni, which is to say, Master.

17. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

COMMENTS.

We prefer to derive *Easter* from *East*—where the sun rises. Jesus is both the "Sun of righteousness" and the Son of God. In this view Easter-day is emphatically the Sunday, or the Son's day—as Christmas is the Father's day and Pentecost the Spirit's day.

The Resurrection was as vaguely dreaded by our Lord's enemies as His disciples hoped for it. On this day Jesus commenced His immortal life, between dawn and sunrise, as is commonly supposed. He arose without noise or outward splendor, penetrated the stone by His glorified body, leaving the linen clothes in the tomb, as signs of a deliberate rising. The guards did not see it. The earthquake produced their fear, and the apparition of the angel. "When the Sabbath was past" (Matt. xxviii. 1; Mark xvi. 1), that is, after sunset, on Saturday, Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome bought sweet spices. Preparing them, they waited until it was hardly light (Mark xvi. 2; Luke xxiv. 1; John xx. 1) to set out for the Lord's tomb. Not knowing that guards had been set, they wondered who should roll the stone away (Mark xvi. 3). An earthquake had occurred, and an angel had rolled the stone back (Matt. xxviii. 2). Now the pious women arrived, and finding the tomb open—the angel having rendered himself invisible—they were ready to perform their designs. Going in, they found not the body of the Lord (Luke xxiv. 3). As this tomb is supposed to have been designed as but a temporary vault for the body of Jesus, we may infer, that the women believed it to have been removed to its permanent rest by some friendly hands. Hence their perplexity (Luke xxiv. 4). Mary Magdalene at once seeks information (John xx. 2-10; Luke xxiv. 12). Peter and John (likely) hasten to the spot, the latter arriving first; but Peter entering the cave, saw the grave-clothes orderly laid by. John now enters, too. Not as yet knowing (or understanding) the sayings concerning the resurrection, John had a dawn of faith, but Peter wondered (Luke xxiv. 12). Mary Magdalene, however, did not follow Peter and John (v. 10).

VERSE 11. Mary's pious, womanly devotion held her there. The absence of the precious body cost her sorrow and tears. To be convinced that there was an actual removal, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

VERSE 12. She is rewarded for her anxiety. By seeking she finds—two angels! Mark and Matthew speak of but one. Probably the one who spoke is only mentioned by them. The grave had been taken possession of by the realm of light—head—feet. No longer is the tomb the doleful way or valley of night. She knows them to be angels by their heavenly luster—in white.

VERSE 13. They address her, to calm her spirit. The question was apt, and afforded her a channel of relief. She infers that the body had been removed by friends to a permanent grave.

VERSE 14. Not receiving an answer, and turning, it may be, to go after her friends, or to see some messenger coming who might bring her news, she saw one standing—Jesus. Alas! she did not recognize Him. Seeking the Lord by His very side! How often are the Baptist's words verified—"There standeth one among you, whom ye know not" (John i. 26). Why did she not know Him? She, likely, did not look up or see His face. Nor do we know whether she could have recognized Him, had she looked aloft. What form He manifested Himself in, no one can tell. He assumed various ones, after His resurrection. We are not to know Christ by sight either.

VERSE 15. It was in a garden (chap. xix. 41). She took Him to be Joseph's overseer—a very natural conclusion for a woman in her situation. He certainly, she imagines, can tell about the removal. The good and devoted soul believes herself able to bear the body of the Lord away, loaded down with a hundred pounds of spices, too! (John xix. 39.) Yes, believers are real *Christophers*—Christ-bearers.

VERSE 16. Mary. By the voice she knew Him. "My sheep hear my voice." This is the only way for us to know Him. "Faith cometh by hearing" (Rom. x. 17), and sight comes of faith (John xi. 40). Instantly she knows and salutes Him—Rabboni!

VERSES 17, 18. Then follows an act of adoration, after the manner of the East. She casts herself at His feet, and, embracing them, would delay there. But, whatever else His words may mean, He would not have her loiter here, as though this were the only opportunity there was to enjoy seeing Him; or, perhaps He would have her hasten to impart the tidings to her kindred in the faith; or finally, it may be, He did not wish her affectionate adoration, until He had ascended to His seat in Heaven. He now makes her an evangelist—the first bearer of the Gospel of the Resurrection. Is this designedly done, that a woman should first know of the rise of the race, in Christ, as he first knew of the fall in Paradise? If it be fancy, don't rob us of it! If it be a fact, let us believe it. BROTHERS. From this day on, let us name has a new meaning. It is an endearing epithet, which tells of the closer relationship which He can now sustain to us, as well as to dissipate all apprehension if fear they might have, because they had deserted Him in the hour of His passion. My Father—your Father; My God—your God. It is not "our Father and God," you observe. Why not? Jesus, as the "only begotten" Son, sustains a different relation to Him, from that which adopted children hold. It is

Jesus first, and afterwards and through Him, that we can be called the sons of God (1 John iii. 1).

St. Mark gives us the reason why the Lord appeared first to Mary Magdalene (Mark xvi. 9). He would recompense her, by this great distinction, for her fervor and constancy. The zeal of the other women has also its reward (Luke xxiv. 4-8; Matt. xxviii. 5-7; Mark xvi. 7). At their first coming they did not find Him, but on their second coming, the angels informed them about the miracle. On their departure, Jesus met them (Matt. xxviii. 8; Mark xvi. 8). Thus was there great joy among His friends. But His enemies were troubled. We scarcely know what they believed. We know what they did, however. See Matt. xxviii. 11-15. But their story had all the marks of a make-up. All the guards could not have slept. The great stone could not have been so quietly rolled away. As it was night, the theft could not have been committed without some light. Yet the grave was empty. The grave-clothes all orderly laid away. The stone, rolled back. It is harder to believe in the theft than in the Resurrection.

THE PRACTICAL LESSON.—This St. Paul teaches us in 1 Cor. xv. 12-19.

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Arr. Carlisle... 9:00 1:35 4:15 10:10

" Chambersburg 10:30 4:00 6:45 P. M.

" Hagerstown... 11:30 5:00 P. M.

" Martinsburg... 12:50 6:20

DOWN TRAINS.

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Lve. Martinsburg... 7:00 9:00

" Hagerstown... 8:15 10:15

" Chambersburg 9:30 11:00

Arr. Carlisle... 6:00 10:55 3:40 7:00

" Harrisburg... 7:00 11:55 3:40 7:00

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General News.

HOME.

The Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its recent sessions, decided to start a new paper.

The will of Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, of Davenport, Iowa, distributed legacies to the Protestant Episcopal Church to the amount of \$160,000 and provided a \$75,000 home for the friendless. Her heirs are going to contest the will, alleging at the time of making it she was of unsound mind and under undue influence. There are twenty of these selfish persons, and as the will now stands they will get about \$300,000, but they want the whole property. The lawyers are willing to have them fight for it.

The Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Tract and Mission Society held a meeting on Thursday, the 25th of March. The usual reports of receipts and expenditures for the month were presented, also the amount and nature of the work done. There is evinced a commendable degree of activity on the part of all engaged in this benevolent work. Joa. H. Schreiner, who has long been actively and successfully engaged in the service of the Society, closed his connection with it on the last day of March.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is expected that everything will be in readiness for the dedication, which will take place May 25th, and in which it is expected that representatives of the Roman Catholic Church from all quarters of the United States and Canada will participate. The main altar at the east end of the cathedral will have a central spire fifty feet in height, and the reredos will be thirty-two feet wide. In the cardinal's throne the material employed is English oak, richly carved; and in the reredos, marble from Italy and France, where it has been preparing. It is estimated that the cost of the altars will be about \$100,000.

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" Red.....1.15 @ 1.16
Rye.....55 @ 56
Corn, Yellow.....43 1/2 @ 44
" White.....42 @ 43
Oats.....31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Barley.....80 @ 90
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....61 @ 62
" Refined out loaf.....82 @ 83
" Crushed.....84 @ 85
" powdered.....88 @ 89
" granulated.....84 @ 85
" A.....84 @ 85

Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	94 @ 16
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	134 @ 20
" Laguayra.....gold.....	141 @ 16 1/2
" Java.....gold.....	241 @ 25 1/2
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	10.25 @ 10.75
Dried Beef.....	13 @ 14
Sugar cured Ham.....	9 @ 10
Lard.....	74 @ 74 1/2
Butter, Roll extra.....	12 @ 14
Butter, Roll Common.....	8 @ 11
Prints, extra.....	25 @ 30
" Common.....	18 @ 22
" Grease.....	4 @ 6
Eggs.....	13 @ 14
SEEDS, Clover.....	6.00 @ 6.50
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